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THE MORAL PLAY

OF

WIT AND SCIENCE,

AND

EARLY POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,

F.S.A., HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., ETC.

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PREFACE.

Accident and the eccentricities of Fame have now, after a lapse of three centuries, consented to place a laurel, such as it is, around the brow of one John Redford, who in the reign of Henry VIII. composed a dramatic piece involving the union of two symbolical characters, Wit and Science, a moral play of considerable interest in the history of our drama. Yet Redford owes this testimony rather to the rarity of productions of a similar kind, and to the destruction of the works of his contemporaries, than to great intrinsic merits of his own; but his work, preserved in a single manuscript, one of the few records of the early stage that have descended to our times, has been appealed to by our dramatic historian[1] as a "very singular performance;" and it is therefore presumed that few who are interested in such matters will not be thankful for our attempt to make it generally accessible.

There is, however, little, if anything, in the construction of Redford's play to distinguish it from the other moralities of the same period. The dialogue is

[1] Collier's History of Dramatic Poetry, ii., 343.

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not in some respects without humour, but the poetry is too contemptible to be patiently endured. The "old-fashioned wit" for which a later writer sneered at Shakespeare is here exhibited in full force, perhaps somewhat difficult to be appreciated by a modern reader, but many portions were no doubt effective at the period at which the drama appeared; and, among these, the scene between Idleness and Ignorance, in which the former attempts an educational episode, although tediously prolonged, may easily be imagined as one which was highly relished by our less critical ancestors.[1]

The manuscript which contains this play is probably contemporary with the author, but it is unfortunately imperfect, a circumstance which has deprived us of all but a few lines of two other interludes. It belonged to the late B. H. Bright, Esq., and was sold at the auction-sale of his manuscripts in June, 1844, for £15. Besides Redford's play, there is a collection of songs by John Heywood, and others, of considerable interest to the poetical antiquary, all of which are printed in the following pages; a copy of the entire manuscript being thus presented to the reader. Some of these ballads are remarkably curious, and all of them belong to a period at which the reliques of that class of composition are exceedingly rare and difficult to be met with. The poem on the miseries

[1] A moral play of "The Marriage of Wit and Science" was published about the year 1570. It entirely differs from the piece here given, but Mr. Collier says the later writer is indebted to Redford for the whole of the allegory.

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of singing boys, and the punishment inflicted upon them by their master, is exceedingly interesting; and the value of the early versions of the "Hunt's up," and the "Willow Song," as illustrations of our early dramatists, are too obvious to require comment. The others are by no means devoid of interest, and perhaps add new names to the list of English poets of the sixteenth century. Three of the ballads are by John Thorne, two of which appear to be original versions of others by the same author, printed in the "Paradise of Dayntie Devises." Thomas Prideaux may be the same person who wrote an elegy on Bonner, printed in Sir John Harington's "Brief View of the State of the Church of England," but I question whether the MS. is not of too early a date to warrant that supposition. Miles Huggard was a tradesman of London, in the service of Queen Mary, and the author of several pieces besides what is here ascribed to him. He was a virulent opposer of the Reformation. "Master Knyght" is, I suppose, the Edward Knight who has verses prefixed to Munday's "Mirrour of Mutabilitie," 1579; and perhaps a little research would enable us to identify these names with accuracy. Other copies of several of the ballads may most likely be discovered in similar collections, with notes that may lead to the discovery of the writers. In this way, one of the anonymous poems has been traced to Edwards, a native of Somersetshire, and one of the singing-men of Queen Elizabeth's chapel.

No biographical particulars of Redford appear to have been published, although most probably many

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notices of him are preserved in the voluminous records at the Rolls' House Record Office, and at the Chapter House. If, however, we are to trust some writers who deal in generalization, and who seem to forget that, by the incessant collection of minutiæ, information of real value is almost invariably elicited,[1] it would be waste of time to collect any crumbs that may there be hidden. And, indeed, I am obliged to confess that the time and patience required for the faithful prosecution of such inquiries can scarcely be willingly expended on names of inferior note; for it requires no small exercise of self-denial to tear one's self away from the tomes of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Jonson, to be choked for weeks together by musty rolls of ancient vellum, or to wade through centuries of indices. This is a service I have compelled myself to perform for Shakespeare, but can we name one other writer whose personal history is sufficiently important to be purchased at so dear an expense?[2]

Some such consideration has led to the abandon-

[1] Thus, for instance, nothing can be more clearly proved than Shakespeare's continual desire of accumulation, but the fact is established on documents, any one of which singly would possess no absolute value. Will any one venture to say that we have not here an important development of character?

[2] Ben Jonson perhaps may be nearly an exception, and many score of curious notices relating to him are preserved in the Record Offices. A new life of Rare Ben, carefully illustrated from such sources, would be a valuable addition to our biographical series. The MSS. in the Lord Chamberlain's Office would also deserve a careful examination for such a purpose; for, although they certainly afford no information respecting Shakespeare, the names of Jonson, Inigo Jones, and other eminent men of the period, are of frequent occurrence.

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ment of any attempt at a biographical sketch of John Heywood, although with the certain knowledge that materials not yet published do exist in the repositories just mentioned. It would take some time to collect them, and it will be sufficient to mention that all known particulars[1] respecting that dramatist will be found in Mr. Fairholt's interesting preface to the Dialogue on Wit and Folly, printed for the Percy Society, 8vo., 1846. He appears to have been a native of Kent, and to have lived at one time at North Mims, in Hertfordshire. His skill in music, and the brilliancy of his conversation, recommended him to the patronage of Henry the Eighth, and even drew smiles from Queen Mary, to whose privy-chamber he is said to have been constantly admitted. One of the anecdotes related of him illustrates a passage in Shakespeare. "When Queen Mary told Heywood that the priests must forego their wives, he merrily answered, 'Then your grace must allow them *lemans*, for the clergy cannot live without sauce.'" The witticisms which formerly passed on this unfortunate word would fill a volume, but here was a joke scarcely befitting a zealous Catholic, and it is therefore most probably apocryphal. Another anecdote is told on the authority of the sage Camden. Heywood being asked by Queen Mary, "What wind blew him to the

[1] In a MS. discovered by Mr. Collier in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere, it is stated that Heywood was a native of Kent. According to Bale, he was a citizen of London. He was alive in 1576, the common assertion that he died about 1565 being altogether an error, originating in a loose statement made by Anthony Wood.

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Court?" he answered, "Two, specially; the one to see your Majestie." "We thank you for that," said the Queen; "but, I pray you, what is the other?" "That your grace," said he, "might see me!"

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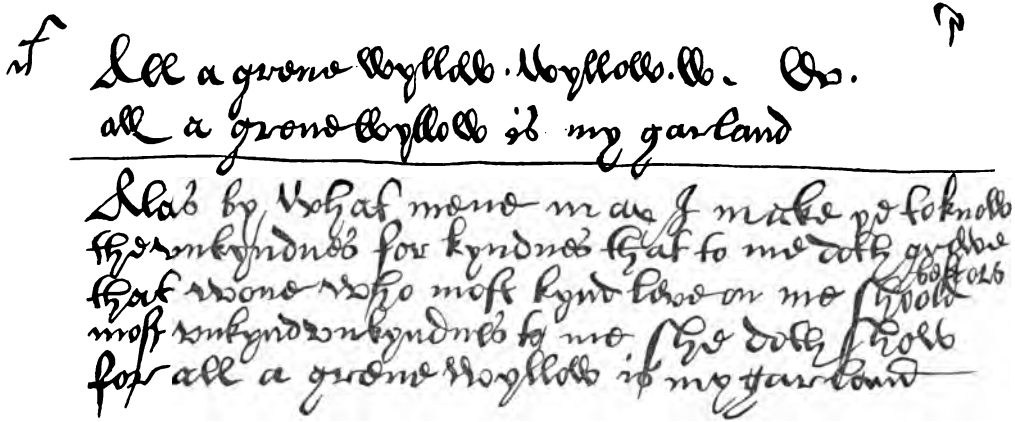

FACSIMILE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT. (SEE PAGE 86.)

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THE PLAY

OF

WYT AND SCIENCE.

---

* * * * * *[1]

REASON.

Then, in remembrance of Reson, hold yee
A glas of reson,—wherein beholde yee
Youre sealfe to youre selfe namely; when ye
Cum neere my dowghter Science, then see
That all thynges be cleane and trycke abowte ye,
Least of sum sloogyshnes she myght dowte ye;
Thys glas of Reason shall show ye all;
Whyle ye have that, ye have me and shall;
Get ye foorth, now! Instruccion, fare well!

INSTRUCCION.

Syr, God keepe ye!

[*Heere all go out save* RESONE.

[1] The MS. is unfortunately imperfect, and the first part of the interlude is not to be found. Several leaves of music by Redford are preserved at the commencement of the volume. The songs belonging to this play occur in the original amongst the poems at the end, and the arrangement of the MS. is here strictly followed.

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RESON.

And ye all from parell!
If anye man now marvell that I
Woolde bestowe my dowghter thus baselye,
Of truth I, Reson, am of thys mynde,—
Where partyes together be enclynde
By gyftes of graces to love ech other,
There let them joyne the tone wyth the toother;
Thys Wyt such gyftes of graces hath in hym,
That makth my dowghter to wysh to wyn hym;
Yoong, paynefull, tractable and capax,
Thes be Wytes gyftes whych Science doth axe:
And as for her, as soone as Wyt sees her,
For all the world he woold not then leese her.
Wherfore syns they both be so meete matches
To love ech other—strawe for the patches
Of worldly mucke! Syence hath inowghe
For them both to lyve; yf Wyt be throwhe
Stryken in love, as he synes hath showde,
I dowte not my dowghter well bestowde.
Thende of hys jornay wyll aprove all;
Yf Wyt hold owte, no more proofe can fall;
And that the better hold out ye may,
To refresh my soone Wyt now by the way,
Sum solas for hym I wyll provyde;
An honest woman dwellth here besyde,
Whose name is cald Honest Recreacion:
As men report, for Wytes consolacion:
She hath no peere; yf Wyt were halfe deade,
She cowld revyve hym; thus is yt sed.
Wherfore yf monye or love can hyre her,
To hye after Wyt I wyll desyre her.

CONFYDENCE *cumth in with a pycture of* WYT.

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Ah! syr, what tyme of day yst? who can tell?
The day ys not far past I wot well,
For I have gone fast, and yet I see
I am far from where as I wold be.
Well! I have day inowgh yet I spye,
Wherfore, or I pas hens, now must I
See thys same token heere, a playne case,
What Wyt hath sent to my ladyes grace.
Now wyll ye see a goodly pycture
Of Wyt hymsealfe, hys owne image sure—
Face, bodye, armes, legges, both lym and joynt,
As lyke hym as can be in every poynt;
Yt lakth but lyfe, well I can hym thanke!
Thys token in deede shall make sum cranke,
For what wyth thys pycture so well faverde,
And what wyth those sweete woordes so well saverd
Dystyllyng from the mowth of Confydence,
Shall not thys apese the hart of Science?
Yes, I thanke God I am of that nature
Able to compas thys matter sure,
As ye shall see now, who lyst to marke yt,
How neately and feately I shall warke yt.

WYT *cumth in without* INSTRUCCION, *wyth* STUDY, &c.

Now, syrs, cum on; whyche is the way now,
Thys way or that way? Studye, how say you?
Speake, Dylygence, whyle he hath bethowghte hym.

DYLYGENCE.

That way belyke most usage hath wrowht hym.

STUDYE.

Ye, hold your pease, best! we here now stay,
For, Instruccion, I lyke not that waye.

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WYT.

Instruccion, Studye, I weene we have lost hym.

INSTRUCCION *cumth in.*

Indeade, full gently abowte ye have tost hym!
What, mene you, Wyt, styll to delyghte
Runnynge before thus styll owt of syghte,
And therby out of your way now quyghte?
What doo ye here excepte ye woold fyghte?
Cum back agayne, Wyt, for I must choose ye
An esyer way then thys, or ells loose ye.

WYT.

What ayleth thys way? parell here is none.

INSTRUCCION.

But as much as your lyfe standth upon;
Youre enmye, man, lyeth heere before ye,
Tedyousnes, to brayne or to gore ye!

WYT.

Tedyousnes, doth that tyrant rest
In my way now? Lord, how am I blest
That occacion so nere me sturres,
For my dere hartes sake to wynne my spurres!
Ser, woold ye fere me with that fowle theeafe,
Wyth whome to mete my desyre is cheafe?

INSTRUCCION.

And what woold ye doo, you havyng nowghte
For your defence? for thowgh ye have cawghte
Garmentes of science upon your backe,
Yet wepons of science ye do lak.

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WYT.

What wepons of science shuld I have?

INSTRUCCION.

Such as all lovers of ther looves crave,
A token from ladye Science, wherbye
Hope of her favor may spryng, and therbye
Comforte, whych is the weapon dowteles
That must serve youe agaynst Tedyousnes.

WYT.

Yf hope or comfort may be my weapen,
Then never with Tedyousnes mee threten;
For as for hope of my deere hartes faver,
And therby comfort inowghe I gather.

INSTRUCCION.

Wyt, here me! tyll I see Confydence
Have browght sum token from ladye Science,
That I may feele that she favorth you,
Ye pas not thys way, I tell you trew!

WYT.

Whych way than?

INSTRUCCION.

A playner way I told ye,
Out of danger from youre foe to hold ye.

WYT.

Instruccion, here me! or my swete hart
Shall here that Wyt from that wreche shall start
One foote, thys bodye and all shall cracke!
Foorth I wyll, sure, what ever I lacke!

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DYLYGENCE.

Yf ye lacke weapon, syr, here is one.

WYT.

Well sayde, Dylygence, thowe art alone!
How say ye, syr, is not here weapon?

INSTRUCCION.

Wyth that weapon your enmy never threton,
For wythowt the returne of Confydence,
Ye may be slayne, sure, for all dylygence!

DYLYGENCE.

God syr, and Dylygence, I tell you playne,
Wyll play the man or my master be slayne!

INSTRUCCION.

Ye, but what sayth Studye no wurde to thys?

WYT.

No, syr, ye knowe Studyes ofyce is
Meete for the chamber, not for the feeld;
But tell me, Studye, wylt thow now yeld?

STUDYE.

My hed akth sore, I wold wee returne.

WYT.

Thy hed ake now, I wold it were burne;
Cum on, walkyng may hap to ese the.

INSTRUCCION.

And wyll ye be gone, then, wythout mee?

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WYT.

Ye, by my fayth, except ye hy ye after,
Reson shall know yee are but an hafter.

Exceat WYT, STUDY, *and* DYLYGENCE.

INSTRUCCION.

Well, go your way! whan your father Reson
Heerth how ye obay me at thys season,
I thynke he wyll thynke hys dowghter now
May mary another man for you.
When wytes stand so in ther owne conceite,
Best let them go tyll pryde at hys heyghte
Turne and cast them downe hedlong agayne,
As ye shall see provyd by thys Wyt playne.
Yf Reson hap not to cum the rather,
Hys owne dystruccion he wyll sure gather;
Wherefore to Reson wyll I now get me,
Levyng that charge whereabowt he set mee.

Exceat INSTRUCCION.

TEDYOUSNES *cumth in with a vyser over hys hed.*

Oh the bodye of me!
What kaytyves be those
That wyll not once flee
From Tediousnes nose!
But thus dysese me
Out of my nest,
When I shoold ese mee
Thys body to rest.
That Wyt, that vylayne,
That wrech, a shame take hym!
Yt is he playne
That thus bold doth make hym

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Wythowt my lycence
To stalke by my doore,
To that drab Syence,
To wed that whore!
But I defye here,
And for that drabes sake,
Or Wyt cum ny her,
The knaves hed shall ake:
Thes bones, this mall
Shall bete hym to dust,
Or that drab shall
Once quench that knaves lust!
But, hah! mee thynkes
I am not halfe lustye,
Thes jontes, thes lynkes,
Be ruffe, and halfe rustye;
I must go shake them,
Supple to make them!
Stand back, ye wrechys!
Beware the fechys
Of Tediousnes,
Thes kaytyves to bles!
Make roome, I say,
Rownd evry way,
Thys way, that way,
What cares what way?
Before me, behynd me,
Rownd abowt wynd me!
Now I begyn
To swete in my skin;
Now am I nemble
To make them tremble;
Pash hed, pash brayne,
The knaves are slayne,

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All that I hyt!
Where art thow, Wyt?
Thow art but deade,
Of goth thy hed
A the fyrst blo!
Ho! ho! ho! ho!

WYT *spekyth at the doore.*

Studye!

STUDYE.

Here, syr!

WYT.

How, doth thy hed ake?

STUDYE.

Ye, God wot, syr, much payne I do take.

WYT.

Dylygens!

DYLYGENCE.

Here, syr, here!

WYT.

How dost thow?
Doth thy stomak serve the to fyght now?

DYLYGENCE.

Ye, syr, wyth yonder wrech, a vengans on hym
That thretneth you thus! set evyn upon hym!

STUDYE.

Upon hym, Dylygence! better nay.

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DYLYGENCE.

Better nay, Studye! why shoold we fray?

STUDYE.

For I am wery, my hed akth sore.[1]

DYLYGENCE.

Why, folysh Studye, thow shalt doo no more,
But ayde my master wyth thy presens.

WYT.

No more shalt thow nether, Dylygence;
Ayde me wyth your presence both you twayne,
And for my love myselfe shall take payne.

STUDYE.

Syr, we be redye to ayde you so.

WYT.

I axe no more, Studye. Cum then, goe.

TEDYIOUSNES *rysyth up.*

Why, art thow cum?

WYT.

Ye, wrech, to thy payne!

TEDIOUSNES.

Then, have at the!

WYT.

Have at the agayne!

Here WYT *fallyth downe and dyeth.*

[1] This and the two previous speeches are erased in the original MS.

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TEDIOUSNES.

Lye thow there! now have at ye, kaytyves!
Do ye fle, ifayth? a, horeson theves!
By Mahowndes bones, had the wreches taryd,
Ther neckes wythowt hedes they showld have caryd!
Ye, by Mahowndes nese, myght I have patted them,
In twenty gobbetes I showld have squatted them,
To teche the knaves to cum neere the snowte
Of Tediousnes! walke furder abowte,
I trow now they wyll; and as for thee,
Thow wylt no more now troble mee!
Yet, lest the knave be not safe inowghe,
The horeson shall bere me another kuffe!
Now, ly styll, kaytyv, and take thy rest,
Whyle I take myne in myne owne nest.

Exceat TEDY.

Here cumth in HONEST RECREACION, CUMFORT, QUYCKNES, *and* STRENGHT, *and go and knele abowt* WYT, *and at the last verce reyeyth hym up upon hys feete, and so make an end; and than* HONEST RECREACION *sayth as folowyth.*

HONEST RECREACION.

Now, Wyt, how do ye? wyll ye be lustye?

WYT.

The lustier for you needes be must I.

HONEST RECREACION.

Be ye all hole yet after your fall?

WYT.

As ever I was, thankes to you all!

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RESON *cummth in, and sayth as folowyth.*

Ye myght thanke Reson that sent them to ye,
But syns the have that the shoold, do ye
Send them home, soonne, and get ye forwarde.

WYT.

Oh! Father Reson, I have had an hard
Chance synce ye saw me.

RESON.[1]

I wot well that!
The more to blame ye,[2] when ye wold not
Obay Instruccion, as Reson wyld ye.
What marvell, thowgh Tedyousnes had kyld ye!
But let pas now, synce ye ar well agayne,
Set forward agayne Syence to attayne.

WYT.

Good father Reson, be not to hastye;
In honest cumpany no tyme wast I.
I shall to youre dowghter all at leyser.

RESON.

Ye, Wyt, is that the grete love ye rayse her?
I say yf ye love my dowghter Science,
Get ye foorth at once, and get ye hence.

Al go out save HONEST [RECREACION].
Here COMFORT, QUIKNES, *and* STRENGTH *go out.*

WYT.

Nay, by Saynt George, they go not all yet!

[1] The MS. reads, *Reson cumth in.*

[2] This sentence is repeated in the MS. by mistake, but part of the previous line seems to be wanting.

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RESON.

No, wyll ye dysobey Reson, Wyt?

WYT.

Father Reson, I pray ye content ye,
For we parte not yet.

RESON.

Well, Wyt, I went ye
Had bene no such man as now I see.
Fare well!

Exceat.

HONEST RECREACION.

He ys angry.

WYT.

Ye, let hym be,
I doo not passe!
Cum now, a basse!

HONEST RECREACION.

Nay, syr, as for bassys,
From hence none passys,
But as in gage
Of mary-age.

WYT.

Mary, evyn so.
A bargayne, lo!

HONEST RECREACION.

What, wythout lycence
Of ladye Science?

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WYT.

Shall I tell you trothe?
I never lovde her.

HONEST RECREACION.

The common voyce goth
That mariage ye movd her.

WYT.

Promyse hath she none,
Yf we shalbe wone,
Wythowt mo wurdes grawnt.

HONEST RECREACION.

What, upon this soodayne,
Then myghte ye playne
Byd me avawnt!
Nay, let me see,
In honesté
What ye can doo
To wyn Recreacion;
Upon that probacion,
I grawnt therto.

WYT.

Small be my dooinges,
But apt to all thynges
I am I trust.

HONEST RECREACION.

Can ye dawnce than?

WYT.

Evyn as I can,
Prove me ye must.

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HONESTE RECREACYON.

Then for a whyle
Ye must excyle.
This garment cum bryng.

WYT.

In deede, as ye say,
This cumbrus aray
Woold make Wyt slumbryng.

HONEST RECREACION.

Yt is gay geere
Of Science cleere;
Yt seemth her aray.

WYT.

Whose ever it were,
Yt lythe now there.

HONEST RECREACION.

Go to, my men, play.

Here they dawnce, and in the mene whyle IDELLNES *cumth in and sytth downe, and when the galyard is doone,* WYT *sayth as folowyth, and so falyth downe in* IDELLNES *lap.*

WYT.

Sweete hart, gramercys!

HONEST RECREACION.

Why, whether now have ye doone synce?

WYT.

Ye, in fayth, with wery bones ye have possest me.
Among thes damselles now wyll I rest me.

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HONEST RECREACION.

What, there?

WYT.

Ye, here, I wylbe so bold.

IDLENES.

Ye, and wellcum by hym that God sold!

HONEST RECREACION.

Yt ys an harlot, may ye not see?

IDLENES.

As honest a woman as ye be!

HONEST RECREACION.

Her name is Idlenes. Wyt, what mene you?

IDLENES.

Nay, what meane you to scolde thus, you quene, you?

WYT.

Ther, go to! Lo! now, for the best game!
Whille I take my ese, youre toonges now frame.

HONEST RECREACION.

Ye, Wyt, by youre fayth, is that youre facion?
Wyll ye leave me, Honest Recreacion,
For that common strumpet, Idellnes,
The verye roote of all vyciousnes?

WYT.

She sayth she is as honest as ye;
Declare yourselves both now as ye be.

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HONEST RECREACION.

What woolde ye more for my declaracion,
Then evyn my name, Honest Recreacion?
And what wold ye more her to expres
Then evyn her name to Idlenes,
Dystruccion of all that wyth her tarye?
Wherfore, cum away, Wyt; she wyll mar ye!

IDELNES.

Wyll I mar him, drabb? Thow, calat, thow!
When thow hast mard hym all redye now!
Cawlyst thow thysealfe Honest Recreacion,
Ordryng a poore man after thys facion,
To lame hym thus, and make his lymmes fayle,
Evyn wyth the swyngyng there of thy tayle?
The dyvyll set fyre one the, for now must I,
Idlenes, hele hym agayne I spye.
I must now lull hym, rock hym, and frame hym
To hys lust agayne, where thow dydst lame hym.
Am I the roote, sayst thow, of vyciousnes?
Nay, thow art roote of all vyce dowteles!
Thow art occacion, lo! of more evyll
Then I, poore gerle, nay, more then the dyvyll!
The dyvyll and hys dam can not devyse
More devlyshnes then by the doth ryse
Under the name of Honest Recreacion.
She, lo! bryngth in her abhominacion!
Mark her dawnsyng, her maskyng, and mummyng,
Where more concupyscence then ther cummyng?
Her cardyng, her dycyng, dayly and nyghtlye,
Where fynd ye more falcehod then there? not lyghtly,
Wyth lyeng and sweryng by no poppetes,
But teryng God in a thowsand gobbetes.

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As for her syngyng, pypyng, and fydlyng,
What unthryftynes therin is twydlyng?
Serche the tavernes, and ye shall here cleere
Such bawdry as bestes wold spue to heere.
And yet thys is kald Honest Recreacion,
And I, poore Idlenes, abhomynacion.
But whych is wurst of us twayne, now judg, Wyt.

WYT.

Byrladye, not thow, wench, I judge yet.

HONEST RECREACION.

No? ys youre judgment such then that ye
Can neyther perseve that best, how she
Goth abowte to dyceve you, nor yet
Remembre how I savyd youre lyfe, Wyt?
Thynke you her meete wyth mee to compare,
By whome so manye wytes curyd are?
When wyll she doo such an act as I dyd,
Savynge your lyfe when I you revyved?
And as I savyd you, so save I all
That in lyke jeoperdy chance to fall.
When Tediousnes to grownd hath smytten them,
Honest Recreacion up doth quyken them,
Wyth such honest pastymes, sportes, or games,
As unto myne honest nature frames,
And not, as she sayth, wyth pastymes suche
As be abusyd lytell or muche;
For where honest pastymes be abusyd,
Honest Recreacion is refused.
Honest Recreacion is present never
But where honest pastymes be well usyd ever.
But in deede Idlenes, she is cawse
Of all such abuses. She, lo! drawes

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Her sort to abuse myne honest games,
And therby full falsly my name defames.
Under the name of Honest Recreacion
She bryngth in all her abhomynacion,
Dystroyng all wytes that her imbrace,
As youre selfe shall see wythin short space;
She wyll bryng you to shamefull end, Wyt,
Except the sooner from her ye flyt.
Wherefore, cum away, Wyt, out of her pawse:
Hence, drabb! let hym go out of thy clawse!

IDLENES.

Wyll ye get ye hence, or by the Mace
Thes clawes shall clawe you by youre drabbes face.

HONEST RECREACION.

Yt shall not neade, syns Wyt lyethe as wone
That neyther heerth nor seeth. I am gone!

Exceat.

IDLENES.

Ye, so fare well, and well fare thow toonge!
Of a short pele this pele was well roong,
To ryng her hence, and hym fast asleepe,
As full of sloth as the knave can kreepe.
How, Wyt, awake! how doth my babye?
Neque vox neque sensus — byr ladye!
A meete man for Idlenes no dowte,
Hark, my pygg, how the knave dooth rowte!
Well, whyle he sleepth in Idlenes lappe,
Idlenes marke on hym shall I clappe.
Sum say that Idlenes can not warke,
But those that so say now let them marke.
I trowe they shall see that Idlenes
Can set hersealfe abowt sum busynes,

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Or, at the lest, ye shall see her tryde,
Nother idle nor well ocupyde.
Lo! syr, yet ye lak another toye;
Wher is my whystell to call my boye?

Here she whystleth, and INGNORANCE *cumth in.*

I cum! I cum!

IDLENES.

Coomme on, ye foole!
All thys day or ye can cum to scoole.

INGNORANCE.

Um! mother wyll not let me cum.

IDLENES.

I woold thy mother had kyst thy bum!
She wyll never let the thryve, I trow.
Cum on, goose; now, lo! men shall know
That Idlenes can do sumwhat, ye,
And play the scoolemystres to, yf neade bee.
Mark what doctryne by Idlenes cummes.
Say thy lesson, foole.

INGNORANCE.

Upon my thummes?

IDELLNES.

Ye, upon thy thummes; ys not there thy name?

INGNORANCE.

Yeas.

IDELLNES.

Go to, than spell me that same.

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Wher was thou borne?

INGNORANCE.

Chwas i-bore in Ingland, mother sed.

IDLENES.

In Ingland?

INGNORANCE.

Yea.

IDLENES.

And what's half Ingland?
Heeres ing and heeres land, whats tys?

INGNORANCE.

Whats tys?

IDELLNES.

Whats tys? horeson, whats tys?
Heeres ing and heeres land, whats tys?

INGNORANCE.

Tys my thum!

IDELLNES.

Thy thum? yng, horeson, ing, ing!

INGNORANCE.

Yng, yng, yng, yng.

IDELLNES.

Foorth shal I bete thy narse, now.

INGNORANCE.

Um, m, m,—

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IDELLNES.

Shall I not bete thy narse now?

INGNORANCE.

Um-um-um!

IDELLNES.

Say no, foole, say no.

INGNORANCE.

Noo, noo, noo, noo, noo!

IDELLNES.

Go to, put together yng.

INGNORANCE.

Yng.

IDELLNES.

No!

INGNORANCE.

Noo.

IDELLNES.

Forth now! what sayth the dog?

INGNORANS.

Dog barke.

IDLENES.

Dog barke? dog ran, horeson, dog ran?

INGNORANCE.

Dog ran, horson, dog ran, dog ran!

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IDELLNES.

Put together ing.

INGNORANCE.

Yng.

IDELLNES.

No.

INGNORANCE.

Noo.

IDELLNES.

Ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran.

IDLENES.

Foorth now, what seyth the goose?

INGNORANCE.

Lag, lag.

IDLENES.

Hys, horson, hys!

INGORANCE.

Hys, hys, s-s-s-s.

IDLENES.

Go to, put together yng.

INGNORANCE.

Ing.

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IDLENES.

No.

INGNORANCE.

Noo.

IDLENES.

Ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran.

IDLENES.

Hys.

INGORANCE.

Hys, s-s-s-s-s-s.

IDLENES.

No, who is a good boy?

INGNORANCE.

I, I, I, I, I, I.

IDLENES.

Go to, put together ing.

INGNORANCE.

Ing.

IDLENES.

No.

INGNORANS.

Noo.

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IDELLNES.

Ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran.

IDELLNES.

His.

INGNORANCE.

Hys—s, s, s, s, s.

IDELLNES.

I.

INGNORANCE.

I.

IDELLNES.

Ing, no, ran, his, I.

INGNORANCE.

Ing, no, ran, hys—s-s-s.

IDLENES.

I.

INGNORANCE.

I.

IDELLNES.

Ing.

INGNORANCE.

Ing.

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IDELLNES.

Foorth.

INGNORANCE.

Hys-s-s-s.

IDELNES.

Ye, no, horeson, no!

INGNORANCE.

Noo, noo, noo, noo.

IDLENES.

Ing, no.

INGNORANCE.

Ing, noo.

IDELLNES.

Forth now.

INGNORANCE.

Hys, s-s-s-s.

IDELLNES.

Yet agayne; ran, horeson, ran, ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran, horson, ran, ran.

IDELLNES.

Ran say.

INGNORANCE.

Ran say.

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IDLENES.

Ran, horson.

INGNORANCE.

Ran, horeson.

IDELLNES.

Ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ran.

IDELLNES.

Ing, no, ran.

INGNORANCE.

Ing, no, ran.

IDELLNES.

Foorth, now, what sayd the goose?

INGNORANCE.

Dog barke.

IDLENES.

Dog barke? Hys, horson, hys—s-s-s-s-s.

INGNORANCE.

Hys—s-s-s-s-s-s.

IDLENES.

I.

INGNORANCE.

Ing,-no,-ran,-hys, I.

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Ing,-no-ran,-hys, I-s-s-s.[1]

IDELLNES.

I.

INGNORANCE.

I.

IDELLNES.

How sayst, now, foole, is not there thy name?

INGNORANS.

Yea.

IDELLNES.

Well than, can me that same.
What hast thow lernd?

IGNORANCE.

Ich can not tell.

IDELLNES.

Ich can not tell, thow sayst evyn very well.
For yf thow cowldst tell, then had not I well
Towght the thy lesson, whych must be tawghte
To tell all, when thow canst tell ryghte noght.

INGNORANCE.

Ich can my lesson.

IDELLNES.

Ye, and therfore
Shalt have a new cote, by God I swore!

[1] This speech should possibly be given to Idleness, but the MS. is apparently carelessly written in this place.

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INGNORANCE.

A new cote?

IDELLNES.

Ye, a new cote by and by;
Of wyth thys old cote, "a new cote" crye.

INGNORANCE.

A new cote, a new cote, a new cote.

IDELLNES.

Pease, horson foole, wylt thow wake hym now?
Unbuttun thy cote, foole; canst thow do nothyng?

INGNORANCE.

I note how choold be.

IDELLNES.

I note how choold be? a, foole, betyde the!
So wysly hyt spekyth; cum on now, whan.
Put bak thyne arme, foole.

INGNORANCE.

Put backe?

IDELLNES.

So, lo, now let me see how thys geere
Wyll trym this jentle man that lyeth heere?
Ah! God save hyt, so sweetly hyt doth sleepe!
Whyle on your back thys gay cote can creepe,
As feete as can be for this one arme.

INGNORANCE.

Oh! cham a-cold.

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IDELLNES.

Hold foole, keepe the warme,
And cum hyther; hold this hed here; softe now, for wakyng,
Ye shall see wone here browght in such takynge,
That he shall soone scantlye knowe hymsealfe.
Heere is a cote as fyt for this elfe
As it had bene made evyn for this bodye;
So yt begynth to looke lyke a noddye!

INGNORANCE.

Um-m-m-m—

IDELLNES.

What aylest now, foole?

INGNORANCE.

New cote is gone.

IDLENES.

And why is it gone?

INGNORANCE.

Twool not byde on.

IDELLNES.

Twool not byde on? twoold if it cowlde,
But marvell it were that byde it shoold:
Sciens garment on Ingnorance bak!
But now lets se, syr, what do ye lak.
Nothyng but evin to bukell heere this throte,
So well this Wyt becumthe a fooles cote!

INGNORANCE.

He is I now.

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IDELLNES.

Ye, how lykste him now?
Is he not a foole as well as thow?

INGNORANCE.

Yeas.

IDELLNES.

Well, than, won foole keepe another;
Geve me this, and take thow that brother.

INGNORANCE.

Um-m—

IDLENES.

Pyke the home, go!

INGNORANCE.

Chyll go tell my moother.

IDELLNES.

Yea, doo!
But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo!
Wyth a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo!
And heere agayne; and now this heele
To bles his weake brayne; now, are ye weele
By vertu of Idellnes blessyng toole,
Cunjurd from Wyt unto a starke foole!

CONFYDENCE *cumth in with a swoord by his syde, and sayth as folowyth.*

I seake and seake, as won on no grownde
Can rest, but lyke a masterles hownde,

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Wandryng all abowt, seakyng his master.
Alas! jentle Wyt, I feare the fasster
Thy my tru servyce clevth unto thee,
The slacker thy mynd cleevth unto mee.
I have doone thye message in such sorte,
That I not onlye, for thy comfort,
To vanquishe thyne enmy have browght heere
A swoord of comfort from thy love deere,
But also furder, I have so enclynd her,
That upon my wurdes she hath assynd her
In her owne parson half way to meete thee,
And hytherward she came for to greete thee;
And sure, except she be turned agayne,
Hyther wyll she cum, or be long playne
To seake to meate the heere in this cost;
But now, alas! thy selfe thow hast lost,
Or at the least thow wylt not be fownd:
Alas! jentle Wyt, how doost thow woonde
Thy trusty and tru servant, Confydence,
To lease my credence to ladye Science?
Thow lesyst me to, for yf I can not
Fynd the shortly, lenger lyve I ma not,
But shortly get me evyn into a corner,
And dye for sorowe throwhe such a scorner!

Exceat.

Here the cum in with vyols.

FAME.

Cum, syrs, let us not dysdayne to do
That the world hath apoynted us too.

FAVOR.

Syns to serve Science the world hath sent us,
As the world wylth us, let us content us.

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RYCHES.

Content us we may, synce we be assynde
To the fayrest lady that lyvth in my mynde.

WOORSHYP.

Then let us not stay here muet and mum,
But tast we thes instrumentes tyll she cum.

Here the syng Excedynge Mesure.[1]

EXPERYENCE.

Dowghter, what meanyth that ye dyd not syng?

SCIENCE.

Oh, mother, for heere remaynth a thynge.
Freendes, we thanke you for thes your plesures
Takyn on us, as chance to us measures.

WOORSHYPPE.

Ladye, thes our plesures and parsons too
Ar sente to you, you servyce to doo.

FAME.

Ladye Science, to set foorth your name,
The world to wayte on you hath sent me Fame.

FAVOR.

Ladye Science, for your vertues most plentye,
The world to cherysh you Favor hath sent ye.

RYCHES.

Lady Science, for youre benefytes knowne,
The world to mayntayne you Ryches hath thrown!

[1] This song is given in the latter portion of the manuscript, and will be found in the following pages.

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WOORSHYP.

And as the world hath sent you thes three,
So he sendth mee, Woorshypp, to avawnce your degré.

SCIENCE.

I thank the world, but cheefly God be praysed,
That in the world such love to Science hath raysed!
But yet to tell you playne, ye iiij. ar suche
As Science lookth for, lytell nor muche;
For beyng as I am, a lone wooman,
Neede of your servyce I nether have nor can;
But thankyng the world and you for your payn,
I send ye to the world evyn now agayne.

WOORSHYPPE.

Why, ladye, set ye no more store by mee?
Woorshypp, ye set nowght by yourselfe I se.

FAME.

She setth nowght by Fame, wherby I spye her,
She carethe not what the world sayth by her.

FAVOR.

She setthe nowght by Favor, wherby I trye her,
She caryth not what the world sayth or dooth by her.

RYCHES.

She setth nowght by Ryches, whych dooth showe
She careth not for the world; cum, let us goe!

SCIENCE.

In deede smalle cawse gevyn to care for the worldes favering,
Seeyng the wyttes of worlde be so waveryng.

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EXPERYENCE.

What is the matter, dowghter, that ye
Be so sad? open your mynd to mee.

SCIENCE.

My marvell is no les, my good moother,
Then my greefe is greate to see, of all other,
The prowde scorne of Wyt, soone to dame Nature,
Who sent me a pycture of hys stature,
Wyth all the shape of hymselfe there openyng,
Hys amorous love therby betokenyng,
Borne toward me in abundant facion;
And also furder to make ryght relacion
Of this hys love, he put in commyshion
Such a messenger as no suspicion
Cowld growe in mee of hym, Confydence.

EXPERIENCE.

Um!

SYENCE.

Who, I ensure ye, wyth such vehemence
And faythfull behavoure in hys movynge,
Set foorth the pyth of hys masters lovynge,
That no lyvyng creature cowld conjecte
But that pure love dyd that Wyt dyrect.

EXPERIENCE.

So.

SCIENCE.

Now this beinge synce the space
Of three tymes sendyng from place to place
Betwene Wyt and hys man, I here no more
Nether of Wyt, nor his love so sore.

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How thynk you by thys, my nowne deere mother?

EXPERIENCE.

Dowghter, in this I can thynke none oother,
But that it is true thys proverbe old,
Hastye love is soone hot and soone cold!
Take hede, dowghter, how you put youre trust
To lyght lovers, to hot at the furst;
For had this love of Wyt bene growndyd,
And on a sure fowndashyon fowndyd,
Lytell voyde tyme wold have bene betwene ye,
But that this Wyt wolde have sent or seene ye.

SCIENCE.

I thynke so.

EXPERIENCE.

Ye, thynke ye so or no,
Youre mother Experience proofe shall showe
That Wyt hath set hys love, I dare say,
And make ye warrantyse another way.

WYT *cumth before.*

But your warrantyse warrant no trothe!
Fayre ladye, I praye you be not wrothe,
Tyll you here more, for deere ladye Science
Had your lover Wyt, ye, or Confydence,
Hys man, bene in helth all this tyme spent,
Long or this tyme Wyt had cumme or sent;
But the trothe is they have bene both sykke,
Wyt and hys man, ye, and wyth paynes thycke
Bothe stayde by the way, so that your lover
Could neyther cum nor send by none other;
Wherefore blame not hym, but chance of syknes.

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SCIENCE.

Who is this?

EXPERIENCE.

Ingnorance, or his lykenes.

SCIENCE.

What, the common foole?

EXPERYENCE.

Yt is much lyke him.

SCIENCE.

By my soothe, his toong servth him now trym!
What sayst thow, Ingnorance? speak agayn.

WYT.

Nay, ladye, I am not Ingnorance playne,
But I am your owne deere lover, Wytt,
That hath long lovd you, and lovth you yet;
Wherefore I pray the now, my nowne swetyng,
Let me have a kys at this our meetyng.

SCIENCE.

Ye, so ye shall anone, but not yet.
Ah, syr, this foole here hath got sum wyt!
Fall you to kyssyng, syr, now a dayes?
Your mother shall charme you, go your wayes!

WYT.

What nedth all this, my love of long growne?
Wyll ye be so strang to me, your owne?
Youre aquayntance to me was thowht esye,
But now your woordes make my harte all quesye,

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Youre dartes at me so strangely be shott!

SCIENCE.

Heere ye what termes this foole here hath got?

WYT.

Well, I perseve my foolyshnes now.
Indeede, ladyes, no dasterdes alowe!
I wylbe bolde wyth my nowne darlyng!
Cum now, a bas, my nowne proper sparlyng!

SCIENCE.

What wylt thow, arrand foole?

WYT.

Nay, by the mas,
I wyll have a bas or I hence pas!

SCIENCE.

What wylt thow, arrande foole? hence, foole, I say!

WYT.

What, nothyng but foole, and foole all this day!
By the mas, madam, ye can no good!

SCIENCE.

Art a sweryng to? Now by my hood,
Youre foolyshe knaves breeche vj. strypes shall bere!

WYT.

Ye, Godes bones! foole and knave to be! ye there
By the mas call me foole once agayne,
And thow shalt sure call a blo or twayne![1]

[1] The commencement of the last speech by Science is by mistake written in the MS., but erased.

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EXPERIENCE.

Cum away, dowghter, the foole is mad!

WYT.

Nay, nor yet nether hence ye shall 'gad!
We wyll gre better, or ye pas hence.
I praye the now, good swete ladye Science,
All this strange maner now hyde and cover,
And play the goodfelowe wyth thy lover!

SCIENCE.

What goodfelowshyppe wold ye of me,
Whome ye knowe not, nether yet I knowe ye?

WYT.

Know ye not me?

SCIENCE.

No, how shoold I know ye?

WYT.

Dooth not my pycture my parson shoow ye?

SCIENCE.

Your pycture.

WYT.

Ye, my picture, ladye,
That ye spake of; who sent it but I?

SCIENCE.

Yf that be youre pycture, then shall we
Soone se how you and your pycture agree.
Lo! here the pycture that I named is this!

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WYT.

Ye, mary, myne owne lykenes this is;
You havyng this ladye, and so lothe
To knowe me, whych this so playne showthe.

SCIENCE.

Why, you are nothyng lyke in myne eie!

WYT.

No! how say ye?

EXPERIENCE.

As she sayth, so say I!

WYT.

By the mas, than are ye both starke blynde!
What dyference betwene this and this can ye fynd?

EXPERIENCE.

Marye, this is fayer, plesant, and goodlye,
And ye are fowle, dysplesant, and uglye!

WYT.

Mary, avawnt! thow fowle ugly whoore!

SCIENCE.

So; lo! now, I perseve ye more and more.

WYT.

What perseve you me, as ye wold make me
A naturall foole?

SCIENCE.

Nay, ye mystake me!

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I take ye for no foole naturall,
But I take ye thus,—shall I tell all?

WYT.

Ye, marye, tell me youre mynd, I pray ye,
Wherto I shall trust; no more delay ye.

SCIENCE.

I take ye for no naturall foole,
Browght up among the innocentes scoole,
But for a nawgty vycious foole
Browght up wyth Idellnes in her scoole!
Of all arrogant fooles thow art one!

WYT.

Ye, Goges bodye!

EXPERIENCE.

Cum, let us be gone!

WYT.

My swerd, is yt gone? a vengeance on them!
Be they gone to, and ther hedes upon them!
But, prowde quenes, the dyvyll go wyth you both!
Not one poynt of curtesye in them gothe!
A man is well at ease by sute to payne him,
For such a drab, that so doth dysdayne hym;
So mokte, so lowted, so made a sot!
Never was I erst synce I was begot!
Am I so fowle as those drabes wold make me?
Where is my glas that Reson dyd take me?
Now shall this glas of Reson soone trye me,
As fayre as those drabes that so doth belye me!
Hah! Goges sowle! what have we here, a dyvyll?
This glas I se well hath bene kept evyll!

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Goges sowle! a foole, a foole by the mas!
What, a very vengeance aylth this glas,
Other this glas is shamefully spotted,
Or els am I to shamefully blotted!
Nay, by goges armes, I am so no dowte!
How loke ther facis heere rownd abowte?
All fayre and cleere they evrychone,
And I, by the mas, a foole alone,
Deckt, by Goges bones, lyke a very asse!
Ingnorance cote, hoode, eares, ye by the masse!
Kokescome and all, I lak but a bable!
And as for this face, is abhominable,
As black as the devyll! God, for his passion!
Where have I bene rayde affter this fassyon?
This same is Idlenes, a shame take her!
This same is her wurke, the devill in hell rake her!
The whoore hath shamd me for ever, I trow;
I trow? nay, verely I knowe.
Now it is so the stark foole I playe,
Before all people now se it I maye;
Evrye man I se lawhe me to scorne!
Alas, alas, that ever I was borne!
Yt was not for nowght, now well I se,
That those too ladyes dysdayned me!
Alas, ladye Science, of all oother,
How have I rayled on her and her moother!
Alas! that lady I have now lost,
Whome all the world lovth and honoryth most!
Alas! from Reson had I not varyd,
Ladye Science or this I had maryd,
And those fower gyftes which the world gave her
I had woon to, had I kept her favor:
Where now, in stede of that lady bryght,
Wyth all those gallantes seene in my syght,

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Favor, Ryches, ye, Worshyp, and Fame,
I have woone hatred, beggry, and open shame.

SHAME *cumth in wyth a whyppe.*

WYT.

Out upon the, Shame! what doost thowe heere?

RESON.

Mary, I, Reason, bad hym heere appeere.
Upon him, Shame, wyth stryppes inow smitten,
While I reherce his fawtes herein wrytten;
Fyrst, he hath broken his promyse formerly
Made to me, Reson, my dowghter to marye;
Nexte, he hath broken his promyse promisyd,
To obay Instruccion, and him dyspised;
Thurdlye, my dowghter Science to reprove,
Upon Idlenes he hath set his love;
Forthlye, he hath folowed Idellnes scoole,
Tyll she hath made him a verye stark foole;
Lastlye, offendyng both God and man,
Sweryng grete othes as any man can,
He hath abused himselfe, to the greteshame
Of all his kynred, and los of his good name!
Wherfore spare him not, Shame, bete him well there!
He hath deservyd more then he can beare!

WYT *knelith downe.*

Oh! father Reson, be good unto me!
Alas! thes strypes of Shame will[1] undo mee!

RESON.

Be still a while, Shame! Wyt, what sayst thow?

[1] The word *wold* was originally written, but *will* was afterwards substituted for it.

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WYT.

Oh, syr, forgeve me, I beseech you.

RESON.

Yf I forgeve the thy ponyshment,
Wylt thow than folow thy fyrst entent,
And promyse made, my dowghter to marye?

WYT.

Oh! syr, I am not woorthy to carye
The dust out where your dowghter shoold syt.

RESON.

I wot well that; but yf I admyt
The, unwoorthy, agayne to her wooer,
Wylt thow then folow thy sewte unto her?

WYT.

Ye, syr, I promyse you, while lyfe enduryth.

RESON.

Cum neere, masters, heere is wone ensuryth

Here cumth INSTRUCCION, STUDYE, *and* DILIGENS *in.*

In woordes to becum an honest man!
Take him, Instruccion, do what ye can.

INSTRUCION.

What, to the purpose he went before?

RESON.

Ye, to my dowghter prove him once more;
Take him and trym hym in new aparell,
And geve that to Shame there to his farewell.

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INSTRUCCION.

Cum on your way, Wyt, be of good cheere!
After stormy clowdes cumth wether clere.

INSTRUCION, STUDY, WYT, *and* DYLIGENS *go out.*

RESON.

Who lyst to marke now this chance heere doon,
May se what Wyt is wythout Reson;
What was this Wyt better then an asse,
Being from Reson strayde as he was?
But let pas now, synce he is well poonyshyd,
And therby I trust meetely well monyshyd;
Ye, and I lyke him never the wurs, I,
Thowgh Shame hath handled hym shamefullye;
For lyke as yf Wyt had prowdly bent hym
To resyst Shame, to make Shame absent hym,
I wold have thowght than that Wyt had bene,
As the sayeng is and daylye seene,
Past shame once, and past all amendment:
So contraye, syns he dyd relent
To Shame, when Shame ponysht him evyn yll,
I have, I say, good hope in him styll;
I thynke as I thowght, yf joyne thei can,
My dowghter wel bestowd on this man;
But all the dowte now is to thynke how
My dowghter takth this, for I may tell yow,
I thynk she knew this Wyt evyn as weele
As she seemd heere to know him no deele;
For lak of knoledge in Science there is none,
Wherfore she knew him, and therupon
His mysbehavor perchance evyn strykyng
Her hart agaynst him, she now myslykyng,
As women oft tymes wylbe hard hartyd,
Wylbe the stranger to be revertyd;

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This must I helpe; Reson must now walke
On Wytes part wyth my Science to talke;
A neere way to her know I, wherebye
My soonnes cummyng prevent now must I:
Perchance I may bryng my dowghter hyther;
Yf so, I dowght not to joyne them together.

Exceat RESON.

CONFYDENCE *cumth in.*

I thanke God yet at last I have fownd hym,
I was afrayde sum myschance had drownd him:
My master Wyt, wyth whome I have spoken,
Ye, and deliverd token for token,
And have anoother to Science agayne
A hart of gold, syngnifyeng playne
That Science hath wun Wytes hart for ever,
Whereby I trust, by my good endever,
To that good ladye, so sweete and so sortly,
A maryage betwene them ye shall see shortlye.

CONFYDENS *exceat.*

INSTRUCCION *cumth in wyth* WYT, STUDY, *and* DYLYGENCE.

Lo! syr, now ye be entryd agayne
Toward that passage, where dooth remayne
Tedyousnes, your mortall enmy;
Now may ye choose whether ye wyll trye
Your handes agayne on that tyrant stowte,
Or els walkyng a lytell abowte.

WYT.

Nay, for Godes pashion, syr, let me meete him!
Ye se I am able now for to greete him!
This sword of cumfort, sent fro my love,
Upon her enmy needes must I proove!

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INSTRUCCION.

Then foorth there, and turne on your ryght hand
Up that mownt, before ye shall see stand;
But heere ye, yf your enmye chance to ryse,
Folowe my cowncell in anye wyse;
Let Studye and Dyligence flee ther towche,
The stroke of Tediousnes, and then cowche
Themselves, as I told ye; ye wot how!

WYT.

Ye, syr, for that how marke the proofe now?

INSTRUCCION.

To mark it indeede, heere wyll I abyde
To see what chance of them wyll betyde,
For heere cumth the pyth, lo! of this iornaye;
That mowntayne before which they must assaye
Is cald in Laten *Mons Pernassus*,
Which mowntayne, as old auctors dyscus,
Who attaynth ones to sleepe on that mownt,
Ladye Science his owne he may cownt;
But or he cum there, ye shall see fowght
A fyght with no les polycye wrowght
Then strenghth, I trow if that may be praysed.

TEDIOUSNES.

Oh! ho! ho!

INSTRUCCION.

Hark!

TEDIOUSNES.

Out, ye kaytyves!

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INSTRUCION.

The feend is raysyd!

TEDIOUSNES.

Out, ye vilaynes! be ye cum agayne?
Have at ye, wretches!

WYT.

Fle, syrs, ye twayne!

TEDIOUSNES.

Thei fle not far hens.

DYLIGENS.

Turne agayne, Studye.

STUDYE.

Now, Dylygence.

INSTRUCCION.

Well sayde! holde fast now!

STUDYE.

He fleeth!

DYLIGENCE.

Then folowe!

INSTRUCCION.

Wyth his owne weapon now wurke him sorow!
Wyt lyth at reseyte!

TEDIOUSNES *(dyeth)*.

Oh! ho! ho!

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INSTRUCION.

Hark! he dyeth!
Where strength lackth, policye ssupplieth.

Heere WYT *cumth in and bryngth in the hed upon his swoorde, and sayth as folowyth,*

WYT.

I can ye thanke, syrs! this was well doone!

STUDYE.

Nay, yours is the deede!

DYLIGENCE.

To you is the thank!

INSTRUCCION.

I can ye thank all; this was well doone!

WYT.

How say ye, man? is this feelde well woonne?

CONFYDENCE *cumth running in.*

Ye, by my fayth, so sayth your deere hart.

WYT.

Why, where is she that here now thow art?

CONFIDENS.

Upon yonder mowntayne on hye
She saw ye strike that hed from the bodye,
Wherby ye have woonne her, bodye and all;
In token whereof reseve heere ye shall

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A gowne of knoledge, wherin yóu must
Reseve her here strayght.

WYT.

But sayst thow just?

[CONFYDENCE.]

So just I say, that except ye hye ye,
Or ye be redye she wylbe by ye.

WYT.

Holde! present unto her this hed heere,
And gyve me warning when she cumth nere;
Instruccion, wyll ye helpe to devyse
To trim this geere now in the best wyse?

INSTRUCCION.

Geve me that gowne, and cum wyth me all.

DYLIGENCE.

Oh! how this gere to the purpose dooth fall!

CONFIDENS *cumth running in.*

How, master, master, where be ye now?

WYT.

Here, Confydence; what tydynges bryngst thow?

CONFYDENS.

My ladye at hand heere dooth abyde ye?
Byd her wellcum! what, do ye hide ye?

Here WYT, INSTRUCCION, STUDYE, *and* DILIGENCE, *syng Wellcum my nowne,*[1] *and* SYENCE, EXPERIENCE,

[1] See this song in the after portion of the volume.

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RESON, *and* CONFIDENCE *cum in at L, and answer evrè second verse; and when the song is doone,* RESON *sendyth* INSTRUCCION, STUDYE, *and* DYLIGENCE, *and* CONFIDENS *out, and then, standyng in the myddell of the place,* WYT *sayth as folowyth.*

WYT.

Wellcum, myne owne, wyth all my hole harte,
Whych shalbe your owne, till deth us depart!
I trust, ladye, this knot evyn syns knyt.

SCIENCE.

I trust the same, for syns ye have smitt
Downe my grete enmye, Tedyousnes,
Ye have woon me for ever dowghtles,
Althowgh ye have woon a clogg wyth all!

WYT.

A clogg, sweete hart, what?

SCIENCE.

Such as doth fall
To all men that joyne themselves in mariage,
In kepyng ther wyves; a carefull cariage!

WYT.

Careful? nay, ladye, that care shall imploye
No clogg, but a key of my most joye!
To kepe you, swete hart, as shall be fyt,
Shalbe no care, but most joy to Wyt!

SCIENCE.

Well, yet I say, mark well what I saye,
My presence brynghth you a clogg, no naye!
Not in the kepynge of me onelye,
But in the use of Science cheeflye;

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For I, Science, am in this degree,
As all or most part of woomen bee;
Yf ye use me well in a good sorte,
Then shall I be youre joy and comfort,
But yf ye use me not well, then dowt me,
For sure ye were better then wythout me!

WYT.

Why, ladye, thinke you me such a wyt,
As being avansyd by you, and yet
Wold mysuse ye? nay, yf ye dowt that,
Heere is wone lovth thee more then sumwhat:
Yf Wyt mysuse ye at any season,
Correct me then, your owne father Reson.

RESON.

Ho! dowghter, can ye desyre any more?
What neede thes dowtes? avoyde them therfore!

EXPERIENCE.

Byrlakyn! syr, but under your favor,
This dowgt our dowghter doth well to gather;
For a good warnyng now at begynnynge,
What Wyt in the end shall looke for in wynning,
Whych shalbe this, syr; yf Science here,
Whych is Godes gyft, be usyd meere
Unto Godes honor and profyt both
Of you and your neybowre, whych goth
In her of kynd to do good to all:
This seene, to Experience I shall
Set you forth, Wyt, by her to imploye
Doble encrece to your doble joye;
But yf you use her contrarywyse
To her good nature, and so devyse

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To evyll effectes to wrest and to wry her,
Ye, and cast her of and set nowght by her,
Be sure I, Experience, shall than
Declare you so before God and man,
That thys talent from you shalbe taken,
And you ponysht for your gayne forsaken.

WYT.

Once warne half armd, folk say namely whan
Experience shall warne a man than
Tyme to take heede, mother Experience,
Towchyng youre dowghter, my deere hart Siens,
As I am sertayne that to abuse her,
I brede myne owne sorow; and well to use her
I encrece my joy, and so to make yt,
Godes grace is redye, yf I wyll take yt:
Then but ye cownt me no wyt at all,
Let never thes dowtes into your hed fall;
But as yourselfe, Experience, cleryng
All dowtes at lenght, so tyll tyme aperyng,
Trust ye wyth me in God, and swete hart,
Whyle your father Reson takth wyth parte,
To reseve Godes grace as God shall send it,
Dowte ye not our joy, tyll lyves end yt.

SCIENCE.

Well, than, for the end of all dowtes past,
And to that end whiche ye spake of last,
Among our weddyng matters heere rendryng,
Thend of our lyves wold be in remembryng;
Which remembrance, Wyt shall sure defend ye
From the mysuse of Science, and send you
The gayne my mother to mynd did call,
Joy wythout end, that wysh I to all.

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RESON.

Well sayd! and as ye, dowghter, wyshe it
That joy to all folke in generall,
So wysh I, Reson, the same; but yet
Fyrst in this lyfe wysh I here to fall
To our most noble Kyng and Quene in especiall,
To ther honorable cowncell, and then to all the rest,
Such joy as long may rejoyse them all best!

All say Amen!

Heere cumth in fowre wyth violes and syng, Remembre me, and at the last quere all make cursye, and so goe forth syngyng.

Thus endyth the play of Wyt and Science, made by master Jhon Redford.

FINIS.

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* * * * * *

D. Marye, Tom, such poyntes God send him mani!
T. Well, go to, mok on! your mokes bere can I,
Tyll we shall once be evin I trust!
G. Nay, Tom, all Malles lay in the dust,
And syns we have droonke all of one cup,
Shake handes lyke freendes! all quarelles geve up!
D. Ye, by my sowle, and syns the payne is past,
Let us be merye, and care awey cast.
I. What els, Tom, syns we have leve to play?
Let us be merye all thys long daye!

Fynis, quod master Jhon Redford.

Here the syng Hey nony nonye, and so go furth syngyng.[1]

[A POEM ON THE GRACE OF GOD.]

Comfort at hand, pluck up the hart,
Thus sayde grace to my thowght,
Syns the redres of all thy smarte
So nye at hand is wrowghte;
Pluck up thy hart!

Pluck up thy harte, whye dowtst thow so?
Se who doth lose thy bandes,
And toward the hevyns, I lokyng tho,
In the eie of faythe ther standes
Coomfort at hand.

[1] This curious fragment occurs in the MS. without any explanation, and is cancelled with a pen. It is apparently a portion of another interlude.

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Comfort at hand I say, sayth Grace;
Marke, man, what tale I tell,
And thow shalte see cawse in this case
All care cleere to expell;
Pluck up thy harte!

Pluck up thy harte, and gyve it Hym,
That gave hymsealfe for the,
In deite of whose diadym,
Looke up I say and see
Comfort at hande.

Comfort at hand thyne enmyse yealde,
Yf thow forsake thy syn;
A new woon lyfe, a new woon feald,
This victorye to wyn.
Pluc up thy harte!

Pluck up thy harte, syns thow art sewre
Showrs are as shorte as sharpe;
The worlds conflyctes can not endure,
On this sweete stryng now harpe,
Comfort at hand.

Comfort at hand, hark now what sowndes
The captayne generall
Evin wyth his blooddy bleedyng woondes
Dooth sle thine enmyes all!
Pluck up thy hart!

Pluck up thi hart, and this shorte lyfe
Lyvyng in lovyng fayth,
For endles rest at endles stryfe,
Looke where he sytthe that saythe
Comfort at hand!

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Comfort at hand to the and me,
Synce God gyvth by his grace;
Let us by grace in unitye
This cumfort to imbrace!
Pluck up our hartes.

Finis.

[SONG OF EVER OR NEVER.]

Of ever or never folke ever conjecter,
That never is longer by wone lytle letter;
But ever or never, which ever be greter,
Where never a good is theres never a better!

Ever in graffyng and never in growing,
Ever in plowing and never in sowing,
Ever in repyng and never in mowinge,
Ever in trowing and never in knowinge.[1]

Ever full gorgid, and never from tappynge,
Ever at sylence and never from clappynge,
Ever acold and never from wrappynge,
Ever in hopyng and never in happyng.

Ever in travell and never at byrth,
Ever in smylyng and never in myrth,
Ever in swellyng and never slack gyrth,
Ever in purchace and never owght wurth.

Ever at hand and never at wyll,
Ever styk fast and never stande styll,

[1] The MS. has *corus* marked after several of these verses, but apparently not properly arranged.

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Ever cum toward and never cum tyll,
Ever a clarke and never can skyll.

Syns ever and never shall never have end,
Good is it ever never to offend;
For ever shall never kepe fawtes in safe mend,
But ever shall scowrg fawtes that never amend!

Finis.[1]

[THE MAIDEN'S LAMENTATION.]

How showld I rock the cradle, serve the table, blow the fyre, and spyn, a?

But late in place
A pretye lasse,
That was both fayre and yonge e,
Wyth wepyng eie,
Right secretlye,
Untyll herselfe she soonge e.

This lytle foote,
And ite toote,
With notes both swete and cleere e.
She syght full ofte,
And soong alofte
In forme as ye shall here e;
How showle I.

Alas! she sayde,
I was a mayde,
As other maydens be e;

[1] Several leaves are here wanting in the MS.

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And thowgh I boste,
In all the coste
  Ther was no more lyke me e.

My byrth ryght good,
Of jentle blood
  I am undowghtydly e:
They calde me wyse,
I bare the pryce
  Of all then who but I e.
    How shoolde.

I was belovde,
Of ech man provde,
  And long I did denye e,
Tyll at the last
I have purchast
  This babe that here dooth lye.

Alas! the tyme
Of such a cryme
  That I showle live to see e.
Now am I thrall
Unto them all,
  That were thrall unto me e.
    How showld I.

Clene out of syght
And all delyght,
  Now heere in servitude e.
At the behest
Of most and least
  That be, God wot, full rude e.

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I may not swerve
The boord to serve,
To blow the fyre and spin e.
My chyld to rock,
And plese this flock,
Where shall I first begin e.
How showld I.

Preserve, god God,
All maydynhode,
That maydenlye entend e.
Let my defame
And endless shame
Kepe them from shamefull end e.

Beware, good maydes,
Of all such braydes,
Before all other thing e;
Or all in vayne,
As I complayne,
Thus wepyng shall ye syng e.

Fynis.

[IN PRAISE OF VIRTUE.]

Yf vertu sprynge, wheras youth raynythe,
There must all goodnes neades ensue,
And contrarye, where vice remayneth,
Myschance doth sorow oft renue.
Then it is best
For youthe alwayes vice to refrayne,
And geve God prayse, for it is playne
Servire Deo regnare est.

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The that in youth no vertu wyll use,
Nor to no vertue[1] themselves applye,
In age all honor wyll them refuse;
Let youth therfore then call and crye,
And never rest;
Who calth for grace to God above,
In tyme and space shall fynde and prove
Servire Deo regnare est.

The that delyghtyth in syn and vice,
Not feryng God, nor kepyng his lawes,
Let them remember, yf they be wyce,
That God from suche his grace wythdrawes,
And them detest;
But such as dooth with hart and mynd
Love hym for sooth, he shall well fynd
Servire Deo regnare est.

Fynis.

[THE SUFFICIENCY OF GRACE.]

Corus.

I desyre no number of manye thynges for store,
But I desyre the grace of God, and I desyre no more!

My grace to the suffysyth, sayth God unto seynt Powle,
Whiche grace, as God promiseth, suffysyth body and sowle.
What neade I number crave, to have thynges evrychone,
Yf al of neade to have be had, havyng this one.
I desyre no number.

[1] *Goodnes* is written over this word in the MS.

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The grace of God well usyd, as Chryst offrythe the same,
All thynges ar full refused, that myght turne man to blame;
Grace being such a gyfte, as grace by grace may sownd,
My voyce with hart I lyfte, repetyng thus this grownd,
I desyre no number.

The texte that wryten is, is wryten for our healthe,
Takyng no texte amis, all textes may healpe to healthe;
Faythe, hope and charytee, thes graces wyth the reste,
Godes gyftes of grace they be, in texte this is exprest.
I desyre no number.

Least gyft of God to man, man can not full commend;
Much les this most gyfte than mans prayse can comprehend:
God grawnt us all the grace, for grace by grace to kall,
That grace may get us place in place celestiall!
I desyre no number.

ffynis, quod Jhon Heywoode.

[LAMENTATION OF BOYS LEARNING PRICK-SONG.]

Of all the creatures, lesse or moe,
We lytle poore boyes abyde much woe.

Lo! who must holde the candle, but he that wurst may?
Well, syns that I am chosen this pageant for to playe,
Have at hyt, for out it shall evry whit by this daye,
How we, poore sylye boyes, abyde much woe.

Wee have a cursyd master, I tell you all for trew;
So cruell as he is was never Turke nor Jue!

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He is the most unhappiest man that ever ye knewe,
For to poore syllye boyes he wurkyth much woe.

Do wee never so well, he can never be content,
But for our good wylles we ever more be shente,
And oft tymes our lytle butokes he dooth all to-rent,
That we, poore sylye boyes, abyde much woe!

We have so manye lasshes to lerne this peelde songe,
That I wyll not lye to you now and then among;
Out of our buttokes we may plucke the stumpes thus long!
That we, poore sylye boyes, abyde much woe!

Well, I tell you trothe, this is no lawhyng game!
Yf ye felte as much as we doo, ye woold say the same,
For of mye poore honestye, we geve him to good a name,
That to poore sylye boyes dooth wurke so much woe.

He plokth us by the nose, he plucth us by the hawes,
He plucth us by the eares wyth his most unhapye pawes,
And all for this pevysh pryk song, not wurth to strawes,
That we poore sylye boyes abyde much woe!

He sayth we syng starke nowght, when we make a ryght good noyse,
For I tell you he must have his knakes, ye, he must have his toyse!
Oh! the payne that we have wyth hym, we lyttle poore boyes!
Truly, poore boyes abyde much wo!

He is in our det manye tymes, that is his saynge,
But we woold forgeve hym all the dett, and never take daynge,

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But geve hyme frely ij. as muche, so that we myght make good payng
To that cursed master that wurkyth so much woe!

But what mynd or good consyence hath this man, I pray you?
Sumtyme at our freendes desyre he saythe to us, go play yow,
And by and by to scoole we must agayne; is not this a shame, how say you,
That we, poore syllye boyes, shuld abyde so much woe?

Sumtyme I shrynke and I stand behynd the doore,
I tell yow to see hym yt grevyth me ryght sore;
Ye, by thes ten bones, I woold I myght never se hym more,
For to poore syllye boyes he wurkyt much woe.

We must ever be in hys syght, when yt grevyth us sore to thinke on him;
God wottes full often tymes, when we have loe but a wynke on him,
We wysh hym full hartellye in Newgate with a lynke on him,
That to pore syllye boyes he workyth much woe!

Evry day thus we complayne, but for all that he mendth not;
Nor for owght that we can se, to mend he entendth not;
He that woold hang hym evyn up, in my consyence offendeth not,
For than we pore syllye boyes showld be ryd of much woe!

Yet for to hang hym I wene it be not best,
For yf he were gone, we shold have another gest
As yll as he, for nowght they be all the hole nest,
And to poore syllye boyes the worke much wooe.

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Therfore, thowghe he be starke nowght, yet we must kepe
hym still;
But to show our charytee and to do good for yll,
We shall pray to Cryst to amend hym, when it is his wyll,
That to poore sylly boyes he wurke no more woe.

Fynis quod master Jhon Redforde.

[A MORAL VERSION OF THE HUNT IS UP.]

The hunt ys up,
The hunt is up,
Loe! it is allmost daye.
For Chryst our kyng
Is cum a huntyng,
And browght his deare to staye.

When God tooke in hand
To make see and land,
And cumpast it rownd, as wee see,
With bewtyfull skyes,
Where he dyd devyse
The soone and moone showld be.

To furnysh his warke,
And expulce the darke,
The soone shoolde rule by day;
The moone sober lyghte,
To enjoye the nyght,
And kepe there coorse allway.

Then affter his mynde,
The fyshe were assynde
To flowe in seas and floode.

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The byrdes in the ayre,
And beastes showld apeere,
On yearthe to seake ther foode.

And last be dyd frame,
To set foorth hys name,
A creature most cleere,
Unto his owne lyknes,
With reson and quycknes,
And chose them for his deare.

The most plesant grownde
That ever was fownde,
Inclosyd with swerd defence;
For, loe! his wyll was
His deare showld not pas
The pale of abstynence.

But that falce deseaver,
That lovyd them never,
Came wyth his charmyng tayle;
And by his falce wylle
Dyd them sore begyle,
And cawsyd them lepe the payle.

Thus were they lost clene,
For they by no meane
Cowld not returne agayn;
So that many yeares,
Among thornes and breres,
The sowght ther foode with payne.

Wherefore they myssed
Both drynke ther and breade,
Became ther enmyse praye.

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The mercifull Lord
Yet woold not accorde
To cast them clere away,

But sent his owne soone,
Who strongly begoon
To hunt both hill and playne;
No one kynd of payne
But he dyd sustayne,
To wyn his deare agayn.

He chose other twelve,
And tawght them himselve
To blow so just a note,
That every deare,
That lyst now to heare,
May blys that happye note!

To fynysh hys warke,
He inclosyd a parke,
Both plesant, large, and wyde;
In palyng it sewer
With commandmentes puer,
Wherin his deare showld hyde.

Thus were they restoryd;
But, Lord! how he roryde,
That fyrst dyd wurke ther faule
With sondrye entycys;
Wherfore he devycis
Agayne to make them thrall.

Now yow that be kepers,
Take heede be no sleepers,
But watch bothe day and owre:

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For there is no dowte,
The thefe goth abowte,
And sekyth whome to devowre.

Wherefore ye had neade
To take ryght good heede,
Among all other thynges;
That is, ye be sure
Ther feedyng be pure,
And drynke of holsome sprynges.

For yf the do not,
They wyll have the rot;
What wyll the Lord then saye?
When he shall vewe
Of his deare and yowe,
At that most dredefull daye.

Wherby this is cleere,
Yf so be his deare
Wythin the parke persever;
Then shall the rejoyse
To heere his swete voyce,
And be his deere for ever!

The hunt is up &c.

Fynis quod master Jhon Thorne.

[NOLO MORTEM PECCATORIS.]

Nolo mortem peccatoris: hæc sunt verba Salvatoris.

Father, I am thine onlye soone,
Sent downe from hevyn mankynd to save!

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Father, all thynges fullfyld and doone
Accordyng to thy wyll I have:
Father, now all my wyll is this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Father, behold my paynes most smart,
Takyn for man on evry syde,
Evyn from my byrth to deth most tart;
No kynd of payne I have denyed,
But suffred all for love of this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Behold my byrth, in what degree
Into thys wrechid worlde I came,
Takyng mans vyle nature on mee,
Wythe all the myseries of the same,
Save onelye syn; and all for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Beholde my tendre infancy
Scante viij. dayes old, but that I was
Cut in my fleashe most paynfullye,
To shedd my bloode for mans trespas
I not disdanid, for love of this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Heere dwelt I thyrtye yeares and three,
In hoonger, thyrst, in cold and heate,
In greate contempt of the world at mee,
For my goode deedes and travelles greate
Takyn for man, and all for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

When thyrtye yeares and three were run,
Tyme drawyng neare of my most woe;

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Oh! Father, now behold thy soone,
My paynes increcyng moe and moe!
For which, O! Father, harken to this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Behold my syghes, my sorowful hart,
Beholde my teares, my blooddye sweatt!
Behold my paynes in evry parte
Had on the mownt of Olivet,
Before my death, declaryng this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Beholde the Jues most fearse and woode,
Thy soone they sowght wyth glayves and bylles!
Behold thy Soone most meake of moode,
Gevyn to there handes to do there wylles,
To whome I bowed my wyll for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Then to a post fast was I teyde,
Scorgyd and beten on evry syde,
Tyll no scin left, but as one fleyde,
Ther stode thy sonne in blode all dyde,
Most mekely suffryng all for thys,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Beholde, also, then how the browght
Thy innocent lambe before ther judges,
As one that had all myschefe wrowght,
Condemd to deth upon ther grudges
Growen agaynst me for prechyng this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Behold my hed then how they crowned
Wythe thornes, ye, percyng nere the brayne!

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My face, my necke, in blood all drowned,
My fleshe all tremblyng in evry vayne,
For passyng payne; and all for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

To bere my crosse then forth they drave me,
Tyll the grete wayte threw me ther under,
But then hard strokes inowe they gave me,
Betyng me forth wyth shame and wunder!
All whych I mekely suffred for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

My garmentes then to me fast clevyng,
Most violently fro me they drew;
The fleshe evyn from the bone then ryvyng,
My bloddy woondes they dyd renew
With no small payne! oh, Father! yet this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

But then behold those cruell folke,
One at ech arme, wone at ech fote,
Thorow flesh and bone grete nayles they stroke,
The stremes of blod were set aflote;
To washe ther syn that wrowght all this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Then up aloft my crosse they cast,
The fall wherof downe in the rest
My joyntes and sinewes all to-brast!
Whych payne of paynes was not the lest,
That I ther mekely suffryd for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Upon that cros behold how I there
Hong thre long howres or lyfe wer gon,

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Havyng no stay my body to bere,
But those hard nayles thorow fleshe and bone;
Yet I evyn ther declaryd this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

When all my blode was thorowly spent,
My flesh dried up for lack of lycker,
Then wyth a spere my hart they rent,
To trye my dethe for man most sycker;
The which I mekely suffred for this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Who may expres those paynes to me delt?
Who may bethynk them to dysclose,
In myne humanité sensyblye felt;
Yet is ther one payne more then those.
Oh! Father, why showld I say this?
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

This my most payne, this my most care,
Is for to see mans unkyndnes;
For all my deth he wyll not spare
Me to offend, my lawes transgres,
And all in hope and trust of this,—
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

The world, the flesh, ye, and the devyll,
Man wyll not spare to serve all three,
Takyng occasion of all this evyll
Of myne owne wurdes; sayng to me,
Whatever we do, yet Cryst sayth this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

But unto man I say agayne,
Deth of a sinner wyll not I,

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Yf he amend and sin refrayne;
But when in syn styll he wyll lye,
Then unto him I speak not this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

O man, for thy love have I dyede!
I ax no more of the therfore,
But love for love in thy dedes tryed;
Forsake thy syn and kepe my lore,
And then to the I say evyn this,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Now here an end of this our song;
Now to that Lord that dyed for man
Geve thankes, and pray for grace among,
To kepe his lawes, that we may then
Enjoy his mercyfull woordes in thys,
Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Finis quod Mr. Redford.

[FRAGMENT OF AN INTERLUDE.]

CORAGE.[1]

Shall we three joyne in unitee
To cheere these gestes?

KYNDNES.

By my trothe, ye.

CLENNES *cumth in, and* CON. *stelyth away.*

Not so, my freendes, here me speake. Mum!

[1] This fragment is cancelled in the manuscript.

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CORAGE.

Where is Concupiscence becum?

CLENNES.

My presens hath put her to flyght!
Where Clennes doth in place apeere,
Ther is Concupiscence gone quighte.

[FAIR WORDS MAKE FOOLS FAIN.]

In youthfull yeares, when first my yonge desires beganne
To pricke me forth to serve in court, a sclender, tall yonge manne:
My fathers blessinge then I asked uppon my knee,
Who, blessinge me wyth tremblinge hand, these woordes gan say to me:
My sonne, God guide thy waye, and shielde thee from mischaunce,
And make thy just desartes in court, thy pare estate to advaunce:
But when thou art become one of that courtlie trayne,
Thinke on this proverbe olde, quod he, that faire woordes make fools faine.

This counsell gravelie geven, most straunge appeares to me,
Till tract of time with open eyes had made me plainelie see
What subtill sleites are wrought by painted talkes devise,
When hollowe hartes with frendlie showes the simple dooe entise
To thinke all golde that shines, to fede their fonde desier,
Whose shiveringe coulde is warmde with smoke, in stede of flaminge fier;

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Sith talke of tickle trust dooth breede a hope most vaine,
This proverbe true by profe I finde, that faire woordes
make fooles faine.

Faire speache alwaye dooth well, wheares deedes insue
faire woordes;
Faire speach againe alwaye dooth evill, that bushes geves
for birdes;
Who hopes to have faire woordes to trie his luckie lott,
If I maye counsell, let him strike it while the yron is
whot!
But them that feede on cloddes, instede of pleasaunt grapes,
And after warninge geven, for better lucke still gapes,
Full loth I am, yet I must tell them in woordes plaine,
This proverbe olde proves true in age, that faire woordes
makes fooles faine!

Wo worth the time that woordes so slowelye prove to
deedes!
Wo worth the time that faire swete flowers ar turnde to
rotten wedes!
But thrise woo worth the time, that truth awaye is fled,
Wherein I see howe simple hartes with woordes are vaine-
lie fed!
Trust not faire woordes, therefore, where no dedes dooe
ensue;
Trust woordes as skilfull falkeners dooe trust haukes that
never flewe;
Trust dedes; let wordes be woordes, which never wrought
me gaine;
Let my experience make you wise, and let woordes make
fooles faine!

Finis.

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[SLEEP COMPARED WITH DEATH.]

Lett not the sluggish sleape
  Close up thy wakinge eye,
Untill with judgment deepe
  Thy daylie deedes thou trie.

He which one sinne in conscience kepes,
  When hee to quiet goes,
More venterous is then he that sleepes
  With twentie mortall fooes.

Wherefore at night, call unto minde
  How thou the daye hast spent;
Praise God, if nought amisse thou finde;
  If ought, in time repent.

And sith thy bed a paterne is
  Of death and fatall hearse,
Bedward it shall not bee amisse
  Thus to record in verse!

My bedd is like the grave so coulde,
  And sleape which shuts mine eye
Resemble death: clothes which me folde,
  Declare the moulde so drie.

The friskinge fleas resemble well
  The wringlinge worme to me,
Which with me in the grave shall dwell,
  Wheare I no light shall see.

The nightlie bell which I dooe heare,
  As I in bed dooe lye,

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The passinge bell may seme t'apere,
Which soundes when I must dye.

The risinge in the morne likewise,
When slepie night is past,
Puttes me in minde howe I shall rise
To judgment at the last.

I gooe to bed as to my grave,
God knowes when I shall wake!
But, Lord! I trust thou wilt me save,
And me to mercie take!

Finis.

[INVOCATION TO GOOD ACTIONS.]

Man, for thyne yll lyfe formerly,
And for thine ill lyfe presently,
Let penitence penitently
Declare good liffe consequently,
As loving faythe may frutfully
Bringe hoope of end mercifully
By Christ, whose woundes most bledingly
Wyne mercye most excedingly.

For whose sweate love incessantly,
Take no hard happe displesantly;
Loke what thou sufferist rightfully,
That sufferance take paciently,
And what thou sufferest wrongfully,
That sufferance take rejoycyngly;
Take ryght or wrong contentidlye;
Man, bere the cros consentedlye!

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And yf thy foes delyghtfully
Show yll for good most spightfullye,
Show good for yll most wyllynglye,
To showe Godes woord fulfyllynglye;
Thy foe fautyng offendynglye,
Wyn as thow mayst amendynglye,
But in no wyse intendynglye
Requite thy foe revenginglye.

Bere all thyne enmyes quietlye,
Forgeve thyne enmyes hartelye,
And axe forgeveness humblye,
Where thow offendst offensyvelye;
Premeditate advysedly,
What troobles may fall folowynglye,
Lest troble towch the terreblye
By towchyng the to sodenly.

Fancy not greves more dredfullye
Then standth wyth reson nedefullye;
Yf mene greves towch but tenderlye,
Those greves can greve but slenderlye;
Yf mayné greves grype the gredelye,
Those greves remove them spedylye:
Let comfort vanquysh cherefullye,
Faynt fancyes fallyng ferefullye.

Syns welth and wo abydynglye,
Remayne not here but slydynglye,
The wealth and wo ensuenglye
Remaynyng aye renewynglye;
Man, pray for grace continuallye
To pas from all paynes fynallye,
Both erthly and infernally,
To hevenly joyes eternallye.

Finis quod Jhon Heywood.

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[SONG AGAINST IDLENESS.]

What hart can thynk or toong expres
The harme that groweth of idlenes?

This idlenes in sum of us
  Is sene to seme a thyng but sleyght,
But yf that sum the sums discus,
  The totall sum doth show us streyght
  This idlenes to way such wayght,
That it no tounge can well expres
The harme that growght of idlenes.

This vice I lyken to a weede
  That husbond-men have named tyne,
The whych in corne doth roote or brede;
  The grayne to grownd yt doth inclyne,
  Yt never rypyth but rottyth in fyne;
And evyn a lyke thyng is to gesse
Agaynst all vertu, idellnes.

The prowd man may be pacyent,
  The irefull may be lyberall,
The glotonus may be continent,
  The covetous may geve almes all,
  The lecher may to prayer fall;
Ech vyce bydyth sum good busynes,
Save only idle idlenes.

As sum one vertu may by grace
  Supresse of vyces many one,
So ys one vyce once taken place
  Distroyeth all vertues evrychone;
  Where this vyce cumth, all vertues ar gone,

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For noe kynd of good busynes
Can cumpany with idlenes.

An yll wynd that blowth no man good,
The blower of whych blast is she;
The lyther lustes bred of her broode
Can no way brede good propertye;
Wherfore I say, as we now se,
No hart can thynke or toong expres
The harme that growgth of idlenes!

To clense the corne, as men at nede
Wede out all wedes, and tyne for chefe,
Let dilygence our wedehooke weede
All vice from us for lyke releefe;
As fayth may faythfully show preefe,
By faythfull frutefull busynes,
To wede out frutles idlenes.

Finis quod Jhon Heywood.

[LONG HAVE I BEEN A SINGING MAN.]

Long have I bene a singyng man,
And sondry partes oft have I soong,
But one part, sins I fyrst began,
I cowld nor can syng, old nor yong;
The meane I mene, whych part showth well
Above all partes most to excell.

The base and treble are extrems;
The tenor standyth sturdely;
The cownter rangyth then, me sems;
The mene must make our melodye;

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Wherby the mene declaryth well
Above all partes most to excell.

Marke well the maner of the mene,
And therby tyme and tune our songe
Unto the meane, where all partes lene,
All partes ar kept from syngyng wrong;
Thowghe syngyng men take this not well,
Yet doth the mene in thys excell.

The mene in cumpas is so large,
That evry parte must joyne therto;
Yt hath an ore in evry barge,
To syng, to say, to thynke, to doo;
Of all thes partes this part showth well
Above all partes most to excell.

To low, to hye, to lowde, to softe,
To few, to many at a part;
To swyft, to slowe, to sealde, to oft,
Where imperfection woold pervart,
There doth the mene aprove ryght well
Above all partes most to excell.

The mene is so commodious,
That sang we but that part alone,
The mene is more melodious
Then all those partes, lackyng that one;
Wherby the mene comparyth well
Among all partes most to excell.

The mene in losse, the mene in gayne,
In welth or in adversytye;
The mene in helth, the mene in payne,
The mene menyth allwayes equitye:

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This is the mene who menyth well,
Of all our partes most to excell.

To me and myne, with all the rest,
And God grant grace with harty voyce
To syng the mene that menyth best,
All partes in the best to rejoyce;
Whych mene in menyng menyth well,
The mene of menes that doth excell.

Jhon Redford.

[GIVE PLACE TO HONEST RECREATION.]

The fyrst song in the play of Science.

Gyve place, gyve place to Honest Recreacion;
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

When travelles grete in matters thycke
Have duld your wyttes and made them sycke,
What medson than your wyttes to quycke,
Yf ye wyll know the best phisycke,
Is to geve place to Honest Recreacion;
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

Where is that Wyt that we seeke than?
Alas! he lyeth here pale and wan!
Helpe hym at once now, yf we can:
O Wyt, how doest thow? looke up, man!
O Wyt, geve place to Honest Recreacion!
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

After place gyvyn, let eare obay,
Gyve an eare, O Wyt! now we the pray

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Gyve eare to that we syng and say;
Gyve an eare, and healp wyll cum strayghteway;
Gyve an eare to Honest Recreacion,
Gyve an ere, now, for thy consolacion.

After eare gyvyn, now gyve an eye;
Behold thy freendes abowte the lye,
Recreacion I, and Comfort I,
Quicknes am I, and Strength herebye;
Gyve an eye to Honest Recreacion,
Gyve an eye, now, for thy consolacion.

After eye gyvyn, an hand gyve ye;
Gyve an hand, O Wyt, feele that ye see,
Recreacion feele, feele Comfort fre,
Feele Quicknes here, feale Strength to the;
Gyve an hand to Honest Recreacion,
Gyve an hand, now, for thy consolacion.

Upon his feete woold God he were!
To rayse hym now we neede not fere;
Stay you hys handes, whyle we here bere;
Now all at once upryght him rere!
O Wyt, gyve place to Honest Recreation,
Gyve place, we say, now for thy consolacion.

Finis.

[THE SONG OF EXCEEDING MEASURE.]

The ij. song.

Exceedyng mesure wyth paynes continewall,
Langueshyng in absens, alas! what shall I doe?

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Infortunate wretch, devoyde of joyes all,
Syghes upon syghes redoublyng my woe,
And teares downe fallyng fro myne eyes toe;
Bewty wyth truth so doth me constrayne,
Ever to serve where I may not attayne!

Truth byndyth me ever to be true,
How so that fortune faverth my chance;
Duryng my lyfe, none other but you
Of my tru hart shall have the governance!
O, good swete hart, have you remembrance
Now of your owne, whych for no smart
Exyle shall yow fro my tru hart?

Finis.

[SONG OF WELCOME MINE OWN.]

The thyrd Song.

Wellcum myne owne,
Wellcum myne owne.

WYT *and his Cumpanye.*

O ladye deere,
Be ye so neere
To be knowne?
My hart yow cheere
Your voyce to here;
Wellcum myne owne!

SCIENCE *and hir Cumpanye.*

As ye rejoyse
To here my voyce
Fro me thus blowne;

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So in my choyce
I show my voyce
To be your owne.

WYT *and his companye.*

Then drawe we neere
To see and heere
My love long growne.
Where is my deere?
Here I apeere
To see myne owne.

SCIENCE *and hir cumpanye.*

To se and try
Your love truly
Till deth be flowne,
Lo! here am I,
That ye may spie
I am your owne.

WYT *and his cumpanye.*

Then let us meete
My love so sweete
Halfe way heere throwne.

SIENS *and hir cumpanye.*

I wyll not sleete
My love to greete;
Wellcum myne owne!

WYT *and his cumpanye.*

Wellcum myne owne!

All sing.

Wellcum myne owne!

Finis.

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[WILL AND POWER.]

Where Power with Wyll can not agre,
  There Wyll can not be satysfied;
Where thes too want equalytye,
  No unytye can be aplyed;
  Which in mysealf I have espied,
In that that Power cannot fulfill
The faythfull menyng of my Wyll.

My Wyll is to do that I owght,
  But Powre therto cannot attayne;
Thus Wyll to pas cannot be browght,
  As Wyll to have yt woold be fayne;
  Yet wyllyng Wyll shall styll remayne,
Thowgh Powre be able in no wyse
My wyllyng Wyll for to suffyse.

Thus Wyll I have, but Powre I want,
  Whych showld to Wyll be healp at nede;
Syns Power so far is discordante
  From Wyll, alas! Wyll can not speede,
  Thowghe Wyll deserve both thanke and meede;
That want of Powre then may I wayle,
Wherby good Wyll can not prevayle.

Finis quod John Redford.

[SONG OF A GREEN WILLOW.]

All a grene wyllow, wyllow, w. w.
All a grene wyllow is my garland.

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Alas! by what mene may I make ye to know,
The unkyndnes for kyndnes that to me doth growe?
That wone who most kynd love on me shoold bestow,
Most unkynd unkyndnes to me she doth show,
For all a grene wyllow is my garland!

To have love and hold love, wher love is so sped,
Oh! delycate foode to the lover so fed!
From love woon to love lost wher lovers be led,
Oh! desperate dolor, the lover is deade!
For all a grene wyllow is his garland!

She sayde she dyd love me and woold love me still,
She sware above all men I had her good wyll;
She sayde and she sware she woold my will fulfill:
The promyse all good, the performans all yll,
For all a grene wyllow is my garland!

Now, wo wurth the Wyllow, and wo wurth the wyght,
That wyndyth wyllow, wyllow garland to dyght!
That dole delt in allmys is all amys quyght!
Wher lovers ar begers for allmys in syght,
No lover doth beg for this wyllow garland!

Of this wyllow garland the burden semth smal,
But my brecke neck burden I may yt well call;
Lyke the sow of lede on my hed it doth fall!
Breke hed and breke necke, back, bones, brayn, hart, and all!
All partes prest in peces!

To yll for her thynk I best thinges may be had,
To good for me thynkthe she thynges beyng most bad,
All I do present her that may make her glad,
All she dothe present me that may make me sad;
This equyté have I with this wyllowe garland!

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Cowld I forget thee, as thow canst forget me,
That were my sownde fawlte, which can not nor shalbe?
Thowghe thow, lyke the soryng hawlke, evry way fle,
I wylbe the turtle most stedfast still to the,
And paciently were this grene wylow garland!

All ye that have had love and have my lyke wrong,
My lyke truthe and paciens plante still yow among;
When femynyne fancis for new love do long,
Old love can not howld them, new love is so strong,
For all.

Finis, quod Jhon Heywood.

[THE LAMENTATION OF DIDO.]

Behowlde of pensyfnes the pycture here in place,
Beholde myne eyes whose teres do moyst my paled face;
Beholde myne eres denyde of there desyrid solas,
Beholde my playntes of yll, my mornyng hevy case!
I Dido, quene of Carthage cooste,
For Eneas love my lyfe have lost!

My fame, my love, mysealfe, I gave into his hand!
My kingdome and my welth at his owne heast did stand!
Yet promis nor desartes cowld binde his harte in trothe band,
But fled, alas! fro me by nyght out of my land!
Forgettyng all respectes of trothe,
He falste his honor and his othe!

As the whyte swan dothe singe towardes her dieng day,
And as the turtle tru her mone doth make alway,

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So I, pore Dido, do my myseries here bewraye,
And with my death my dolefull desteny display!
O, lawles love, no hearbe is fownd
To salve the sore wher thow dost woond!

O worthy women all, of hye and lowe degré,
A merror Dido make Eneas love to flee!
Trust not mens wordes or teares,
Which most tymes deceiptfull be,
And are, alas! the baytes that breedes our misserie!
Sufficeth for my love I die,
That you may live and learne thereby.

O rockie ruthlesse hartes,
Your owne with spite to spill!
O curssed crewell men,
How can you worke such ill?
O dolfull deepe dispaier,
Ringe out my carefull ends knill!
Welcome to me, swete death!
To me my grave, yt is my wyll!
I came of earth and wylbe thyne,
By trayne of hym whom I thought myne!

Finis Thomas Pridioxe.

[ARISE, ARISE, I SAY!]

Aryse, Aryse, Aryse, I say;
Aryse for shame, yt ys fayre day!

After mydnyght, when dremes do fall,
Sum what before the mornyng graye,

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Me thowght a voyce thus dyd me kall,
O lusty yowth, aryse I say!

O youth, he sayd, lyft up thi hed!
Awake! awake! yt ys feyre day!
How canst thow slepe or kepe thy bed
This feyre mornyng? aryse, I say.

The sonne is up with hys bryght beames,
As thoughe he woolde with the now fraye,
And bete the up out of thy dreames
To rayse the up: aryse I say.

Hark how the byrdes all with wone voyce
Of one concorde theire cordes the kay,
Wythe joyfull tewnes the to rejoyse
And chere the up! Arise, I say.

Beholde the fealde now in lyke foorme,
Furnisht with flowres both swete and gay;
It saythe to thee, thow slothfull woorme,
Cum walke in me! arise, I say.

The day, the soone, the byrd, the fealde,
Syns all thes call, thow lumpe of clay!
Unles shameles now be thy sheelde,
For very shame aryse, I say.

With this me thowghte the voice reherste
Hys wordes and sayde, youthe, I the praye
What meanth thys day and all the rest
That saythe to the, arise, I say.

Truly thys day now to dysclose
Is Cristis fayth, that long hyd lay,

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And now full fayre and clere it shouse
To rayse the up. Aryse I say.

What is this sun that shynith so brighte?
The veri sun of God, no nay!
Whoose beames of Grace be bent even ryghte
To beate the up! Aryse, I say.

What are thes byrdes that so accorde,
That eche swete corde eche ere woolde tay?
Truly, tru prechers of the Lord,
At whos swete cordes aryse I say.

What is this fealde furnisht so fayre
With floweres so swet in ther araye?
The word of God most swete of ayre
To walke therin. Aryse, I say.

And se thow walk among thes flowres,
Not for to pastime, jest, and play,
But reverently pressyng thy powres
From wanton pryde. Aryse, I say.

For clarkes ther hath bene many a wone,
That in this feald themselves dyd slay,
Trusting to muche themselves upon;
Beware ther fall! Aryse, I say.

The surest way to walke is thys,
Meakely on Cristys church to stay;
The lower thow walkest in hart sure is,
The hyer thow shalt aryse, I saye.

Now syns thow knowst both wher to walke,
And how to walke thow knowst the waye;

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Let age lye still as drye as chalke,
And lustye youthe, arise, I saye.

To this me thought doubting the truthe,
And lest this voice shoulde me betraye,
I saide, O voyce, why more to youthe
Than unto age, arise, I saye.

That thynge, saide he, I shall declare,
This youthe and age now to bewraye,
The Jwes and Gentills suer they are!
Now gese to whome arise I saye.

The Jwe he is so olde and worne,
That speke to him in vaigne ye maye,
But thow youthe art newlye borne;
Wherfore to the arise I saye.

Sins Christ thy lorde hath chose thy stocke,
And lest his owne flocke go astraye;
Now shew thyselfe a lovinge flocke,
And unto Christ arise I saye.

This saide, I harde no more to tell,
But waked, and seing faire clere daye,
Saide to myselfe, these words might well
Be saide to me—Arise, I saye!

Finis.

[THE PLEASURE OF GODLINESS.]

Now will you be merye,
And can you be merye?

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We praye you be merye,
· Merye, merye, merye!
We praye you be merye,
Merye, merye, merye,
Merye, merye, merye, merye!

From Christmas to Ester
Be as merye as you can,
So you maye please bothe God and man.

From Ester to Whytsontide
Let us all now joye and singe,
Be merye all in Christ risinge!

Ofte hathe this songe bene put in ure,
That honest myrthe doth vertew allure;
But now of mirthe who will be suer,
He must begine at vertuze pure;
For vertu bringithe chefe mirthe to man:
In vertuouse mirthe be merye than.

This vertuouse mirthe now to begine,
To men of faithe we speake here in—
Is to feare God and fle frome sinne,
Which feare of God dothe wisdome wine;
Which wisdome bringethe all knowlage to man,
In vertwe how to be merye than!

Where wisdome joyneth and rullethe the harte,
Man knowithe himselfe in everye parte;
God and his lawes with all thy harte
Obayed of man syn to subvarte,
The daungerous dawnger unto man;
How can man but be merye than?

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Whan God's worde hathe put syne to flyght,
In commethe Cleane Consyence shyninge bright,
In whome man fyndethe so greate delyght,
That she can naythar daye nor night
Be absent frome the harte of man;
How can man but be merye than?

Whan Cleane Consyence in harte is sett,
Faithe rysethe up, and withowte let
Saithe unto man, This howse is net
Met to receyve a gost ryght greate;
What yf thy Lorde whoulde prise the man,
How can man but be merye than?

O Faithe, saithe man, what haste thow tolde?
Yf that my howse were made of golde,
And I muche bettar a thowsande folde,
Yet so to think were overbolde
My lorde to vysett me, wretched man;
But oh! how mery showld I be than.

Why man, saithe Faithe, dost thow dowte me?
No, no, saithe man, I dowte not the.
What dowghtest thow, than? saith faithe, tell me.
Myne owne unworthynes, saithe he.
Despayre not, man, saithe Faithe to man.
No, no, saithe man, Faithe gone were than.

As man and Faythe be thus talkinge,
In commethe Suar Hope to man runnynge.
O man, sayethe he, thy lorde and kinge
Senthe me to the to gyve warninge;
This daye will he dyne with the, man;
Prepare now to be merye than.

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Make spede, sayethe man, fayre consyence clere,
With faythe and hope, thow messingere,
And ladye love, cum all you nere;
Let all dylygence in you appere
In welcumynge my lorde to man,
That we in hym be merye than!

Cleane Conscyence saithe, as I ever must
To trayne this howse is all my lust;
Love saithe, my dedes shall shew, I trust,
How my Lordes presence I do thurste;
Hope saithe, then trust well, dowte not, man!
O man saythe, Faythe, be merye than!

Man havinge now greate gostlye care
For his deare Lorde well to prepare,
His power to weake his wyll to declare;
Sodanlye a-none, or man beware,
Oure Lorde imbrasethe the harte of man!
O man, how arte thow merye than?

Where man was late in carefull plighte
His Lorde to see receyved ryght,
Now hathe he lost bothe tounge and myght!
Welcum, my Lorde, he cryethe in sprite;
For joye no word can pase fro man,
In harte man is so merye than.

Now maye man thinke himselfe now blest
To se his Lorde become his gest,
To lodge and kepe howse in hys brest;
Noe townge can tell that joyfull fest,
That is betwene now God and man!
Man ys with God so mery than!

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Now man, with Mary, takth good hede
What from hys lorde dothe there procede;
Hys holly woordes doo man so fede,
That man in wysedome is now indede,
Ye, more lyke angell then lyke man;
Gret cawse hath man to be mery than!

Man showth furth marthase dylygens
To chere hys gest in evry sens;
Hys gest dothe know by hys pretens
How glad he is of hys presens,
For whych hym lykth to dwell with man;
How can man but be mery than?

With gostly wysedome man thus fedde,
Of gostly strength now is she spedd,
Hys gostly fooes under to treadd!
All gostly myrthe in hym is spred;
No carefull care can now hurt man!
What man can not be mery than?

Man sayth our Lord synce in good quarte,
Thow art by me now as thow art,
So show thyselfe in outward part,
Therby thy brother to convart;
Won man to wyn another man,
That man wythe man be mery than.

Man, with Zacheus, then, sayth he,
Lo! Lord, even halfe my goodes fro me
I geve to the pore for love of the;
Man saythe, our Lord, glad mayst thow be!
Thys day is helth to thys howse of man!
O man, how art thow merye than!

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Man heryng this, man is not scilent,
But with dew thankes and hart reverent,
With Peter and Jhon he doth frequent
Unto the temple, with prayer fervent;
Man talkthe with God, and God with man,
In whom man is full merye than.

Man now desyrth none other gayne,
But as hys Lordes dyscyples twayne,
Going to Emawce dyd constrayne
Ther Lord to tary with them so fayne;
So tary with me, O Lord, sayth man,
That we allway may be mery than!

Man, sayth our Lorde, I am with the
Unto the worldes end, I so decre!
Walke in my wayes and thow shalt be
Never voyde of myrth, but dwell with me
In endles myrth, prepard for man,
For ever to be merye than!

O gracious God, what wordes be theese,
To stere all folke of all degrees
To myrth in God, wherby man sees
That endles myrthe shalbe hys fees!
Which myrth God grawnt us evry man,
That we may all be merye than!

Finis, quod Jhon Redford.

[THE GOODNESS OF ALL GOD'S GIFTS.]

JESUS.

Walkyng alone ryght secretly,
Musyng on thynges late sene with eye,

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All sortes of peple yong and olde
Sortyd in sortes, as shalbe tolde;
Sum hye, sum low, sum ryche, sum poore,
Sum lernd, sum unlernd, sum lesse, sum more;
Sum hole, sum sycke, sum in such rate
As nothyng plesde with there estate.

Sodaynly methowghte I hard a sownd,
That from the hevens dyd rebownde!
A song yt semd sentens to frame
To evry sort that I cowld name,
Which sownd or songe dyd both repreve,
And generally allso releve,
But syngulerly the sentens ran,
As ye shall here thus yt began.

Yf gyftes of grace in all tyme past,
  Yf gyftes of grace in tyme present,
Yf gyftes of grace to cum at last,
  Yf al be gyftes ryght excelent,
  Yf all which gyftes be geven and ment
To make the mynd thy Lord so kynde, O man,
Mynd well my gyftes, and thanke me than!

Yf I made the to myne owne lyknes,
  Yf reson, wyll, and memorye,
Yf sowle and bodye, lyfe and quiknes,
  Yf thes to the be gyftes most hye;
  Yf all my creatures els worldlye
Unlyke to the be made for the, O man,
Why thankst not me, thy Maker, than?

Yf thow were lost by Adams syn,
  Yf ryghtwysenes condemd the quyte,

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Yf Adams syn damd all hys kyn,
  Yf dethe were dew to the of ryghte;
  Yf I, of my mere mercye pyghte,
Bowghte the from deth by myne owne deth, O man,
Why thankes not thy Redemer than?

Yf thow hast dayly gyftes of me,
  Yf I geve thee gyftes naturall,
Yf I geve worldlye gyftes to the,
  Yf I geve gyftes spyrytuall,
  Yf thow deservest no gyfte at all,
But geven of me frelye to the, O man,
Why thankst not me, the gyver, than?

Yf dyvers wayes my gyftes I plant,
  Yf I geve the gyftes above other,
Yf I geve the that other want,
  Yf I geve the gyftes for thy brother,
  Yf all be gyvyn won for an other,
To helpe wyth mede where thow seyst nede, O man,
As I geve the, geve other than!

Yf I geve the gyftes grete and manye,
  Yf I to hy degree the kall,
Yf I geve the cure over anye,
  Yf I geve the cure over all;
  Yf thow for all make answer shall
That I set the to kepe for mee, O man,
Remember where I set the than!

Yf I set the in low estate,
  Yf I geve the lest cause to boste,
Yf I geve the gyftes in ech rate,
  Yf my lest gyfte may make the moste;
  Yf paciens be a gyfte thow knowste

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Of all to wyn the pryce therin, O man,
In pacience be thow thankfull than!

Yf I send the sycknes or healthe,
Yf I send the plesure or payne,
Yf I send the scarcnes or welthe,
Yf I knowe best what is thy gayne,
Yf for the best I send all playne,
As thow shallt see by profe to thee, O man,
Take well all that I send the than!

Synce these my gyftes thow dost acheve,
Synce of my gyftes thow canst none mysse,
Synce wyth my gyftes I the releve,
Synce by my gyftes my love showde is;
Synce for my gyftes I axe but thys,
Thy love for myne to lyve in fyne, O man,
Now love and lyve for ever than!

Fynis quod Jhon Redforde.

[THE SINFULNESS OF MAN.]

Wher Ryghtwysnes doth say,
Lorde, for my synffull partes,
In wrath thow showldest me paye
Vengeance for my deseartes!
I can it not denye,
But nedes I must confes
How that contynuallye
Thy lawes I doo transgres!

But yf yt be thy wyll
With synners to contende,

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Then all thy flok shall spyll,
And be lost wythout ende;
For whoo lyvthe here so ryghte,
That he can ryghtly saye,
He synthe not in thy syghte
Full oft and evry day?

Thy Scrypture playne telth me,
The ryghtwyse man offendes
Seven tymes a day to the,
Wheron thy wrath depends;
So that the ryghtwyese man
Doth walke in no such pathe,
But he falth now or than
In danger of thy wrath!

Then synce the cace so standes,
That even the man ryghtwyse
Falth oft in synfull bandes,
Wherby thy wrath may ryse;
Lorde, I that am unjust,
And ryghtwysenes none have,
Wherto shall I then trust
My synfull sowle to save,

But only to the poste,
Wherto I cleve and shall,
Whyche is thy mercye moste?
Lord let thy mercye fall,
And mytygate thy moode,
Or els we peryshe all!
The pryce of thys thy bloode,
Wherin mercye I calle!

Thy scrypture doth declare
No droppe of blood in the,

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But that thow dydst not spare
To shedd ech droppe for me!
Now let thos dropps most weete,
To clense my hart most drye,
That I wyth syn replete,
My lyve and syn may dye!

That being mortyfyed,
Thys syn of myne in me,
I may be sanctyfyed
By grace of thyne in the!
So that I never fall
Into such dedlye syn,
That my foes infernall
Rejoyse my dethe therin!

But voutsafe me to kepe
From thos infernall foes,
And from that lake so depe,
Wheras no mercye growes,
And I shall syng the songes
Confyrmed with the juste,
That unto the belonges,
Whyche art myne onlye truste!

Fynys quod Master Redforde.

[IN PRAISE OF LEARNING AND VIRTUE.]

In worldlye welthe for mans releafe
Vertu and lernyng are the cheafe!

Well ys the man that dothe bestowe
Hys tyme in vertu here to spende,

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For sure ther is no man dothe knowe,
  Excepte the same he do attende,
What quietnes ther doth ensue
To those that lerne and trade vertue.

For sure these too the safegarde are,
  Wherby we pas the sturdye stremes,
And the grete stormes of worldly care;
  For never cytees, landes nor remes,
That can atayne prosperyté,
Unles thos too regarded be.

To vertu yet have thys respecte,
  Whos prayse is allway permanente,
For lerninge is of small effecte
  Wher vertu is not resydent;
But wher they both are knit in place,
Oh that man ys in happye case!

Sum onlye lerne for knowledge sake,
  But that is kewriosyté;
And sum for prayse grete paynes do take,
  But that is foolyshe vanité;
Sum lerne for gayne, but lyghtly those
Do leve the texte, and use to glose!

Now all thes sumes, and all thys sorte,
  Have lost ther labor and ther warke,
For sum shotte wyde and sum shotte shorte,
  Yet all in fyne do mys the marke!
Wherfore let vertue furst be plaste,
Or els is lernyng quighte dysgraste!

Thus may ye evydentlye see
  How lerninge joynde with vertuous lyfe

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Showld of ech man regardyd bee,
For hyt hath thys prerogatyve,
That God hymselfe dothe those imbrace
That trede the pathes of vertuse trace!

Synce God and man dothe love that man
That studyeth to lyve vertuouslye,
Who wyll not styfflye labor than
To folowe vertue instantlye,
When he therby shall sure obtayne
The joyes that ever shall remayne?

Fynis, quod Jhon Thorne.

[BE MERRY, FRIENDS!]

Be merye, frendes, take ye no thowghte,
For worldlye cares care ye ryght nowghte;
For who so dothe, when all ys sowghte,
Shall see that thowghte avaylethe nowghte;
Be mery, frendes!

All suche as have all wealthe at wyll,
Ther wylles at wyll for to fullfyll,
From greafe or grudge or anye yll,
I nede not syng thys them untyll,
Be merye, frendes!

But unto suche as wyshe and wante
Of worldlye welthe wroghte them so scante,
That welthe by wurke they can not plante,
To them I syng at thys instante,
Be mery, frendes!

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And suche as when the rest seme nexte,
Then be they strayte extremelye vexte;
And suche as be in stormes perplexte,
To those I syng thys shorte swete texte,
Be mery, frendes!

To lawghe and wyn ech man agrees,
But eche man can not lawhe and lese,
Yet lawhyng in the laste of these
Hathe bene alowde of sage decrees;
Be merye, frendes!

Be merye with sorowe, wyse men sayde,
Whyche saynge beynge wyselye wayde,
Yt seamyth a lesson lyvelye layde,
In thys sayde sens to bee a an eyde;
Be merye, frendes!

Make ye not too sorowes of wone,
For of wone greefe graffedd alone
To graffe a sorowe ther upon,
A sowrer crabbe we can graffe none;
Be merye, frendes!

Takynge our sorowes sorowfullye,
Sorowe augmentythe our maladye;
Takynge our sorowes merylye,
Myrthe salvythe sorowes moste sowndlye;
Be merye, frendes!

Of greves to cum standynge in fraye,
Provyde defence the best we maye;
Whyche done, no more to doo or saye,
Cum what cum shall cum, care awaye!
Be merye, frendes!

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In suche thynges as wee can not flee,
But neades they must abydden bee,
Let contentashyn be decree
Make vertue of nessessytee;
Be merye, frendes!

To lakke or lose that we woolde wyn,
So that our fawte be not therein;
What wo or wante end or begynne,
Take never sorowe but for syne!
Be merye, frendes!

In los of freendes, in lakke of healthe,
In los of goodes, in lakke of welthe,
Wher lybertee restraynte expelthe,
Wher all thes lak, yet as thys telthe,
Be mery, frendes!

Man hardly hath a rycher thyng
Then honest myrth, the whyche well-spryng
Watryth thee rootes of rejoysyng,
Feedyng the flowers of flooryshynge;
Be mery, freendes!

Bee meery in God, saynt Powle sayth playne,
And yet, sayth he, be mery agayne;
Synce whose advyce is not in vayne,
The fect therof to entertayne,
Be mery, freendes!

Fynis, quod Master Haywood.

[MY CONSTANCY IN LOVE.]

Yf love for love of long tyme had
May joyne with joy, and care hens cast,

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Then may remembrans make me glad,
  Dayes weekes and yeares in all tyme past,[1]
My love hath lovyd me so loovyngly,
And I wyll love her as trewlye!

And as we twayne have lovd and doo,
  So be we fyxyd to love evyn styll;
The lawe of love hath made us too
  To wurk to wylles in wone wyll:
My love wyll love me so loovyngly,
And I wyll love her as trewlye.

Ye lovers all in present place,
  That long for love contynuall,
I wysh to you lyke plesant case,
  As ye perseve by me doth fall,
And yours to love as lovyngly!

Fynis, quod Master Haywood.

[O HEAR ME, LORD, AND GRANT MERCY.]

O Lord, whych art in hevyn on hye,
  And seest the synnes of synners all,
For grace, O Lord, to the I crye,
  Withowt the whych perysh I shall!
O here me, Lord, and grawnt mercye!

My syns, O Lord, I can not hyde
  From thy presens; therfore I crave
Thy grace in erth to be my guide,
  That thow my synfull sowle mayst save!
O here me, Lord, and grant mercye!

[1] The above four lines are repeated in the MS. by a clerical error in the preceding song.

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No ryghtwysenes in mee doth rayne,
But synne I knowe and wyckednes;
Unles thy grace I doo obtayne,
Dew unto mee is deth endles!
O, here me, Lord, and grant mercye!

From thi justice, Lord, I apele,
No sinner in thy syght can stand,
But thy mercy my sowle may hele,
The whych I crave, Lord, at thy hand!
Oh here . . . . . .

Suffer not me, thy creature,
O Lord! to peryshe in thy syghte!
Thowe canst make clene that is unpure!
Clense me, O Lord, a wofull wyght!
O here me, Lord, and grant mercye!

Alas! good Lord, yf I contende
By thy justyce my wurkes to trye,
Then am I damned wythout end
Fro thy presence eternallye!
O heere me, Lord, and grant mercye!

O Lord, what woold it profyt the,
That thow made me to thyne owne lyknes,
Yf I shoold now condemned be
To hell, for myne owne wyckednes?
O here me, Lord, and grante mercye!

O Lord, syth grace so needfull ys
To mee, poore wretch, with syn infect,
Let thy mercye exceede justyce,
That I may be thyne owne elect!
O here me, Lord, and grant mercye!

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But yet, O Lord, in thee I trust,
That as thow hast created mee,
I confessyng my synne unjust,
Thow wylt not cast me of from the!
O here me, Lord, and grant mercye!

Finis quod Myles Huggarde.

[ON LAWFUL LIBERTY.]

Men most desyre, as most men most tymes see,
To banyshe bondage and at lybertee to bee.

Men take lybertee to man, as thyng most plesant,
Whych tale to bee true wee agree to grante,
In case that wee our lyberté do use,
Enbracyng vertu and vyce cleerly refuse.

But yf wee wyll abuse our lybertee,
Then lybertee is mean to bryng captyvytee.

So that lybertee yll usyd or understonde,
Is onlye the thyng that makthe freemen bonde,
As hath bene seene in folke of all degrees,
And dayly is seene, whych syghte ech wyse man sees!

Thys danger done, who wyll lerne to eschewe,
Mark well thys lesson that after doth ensue.

Synce our lyberté use makthe good and yll,
And that lybertee wee wyll desyre styll,
Wysh we to use lyberté in eche thynge
As standeth with the lawes of God and our kynge.

Fynis.

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[THIS WORLD IS BUT A VANITY.]

Who shall profoundlye way and scan
The unassured state of man,
Shall well perseve by reson than
That where is no stabylytee,
All is subject to vanitee!
Now mortall man, behold and see
This world is but a vanité!

If thow be kyng or emperowre,
Prynce ether lord of myghte and powre,
Thy poore subjectes doo not devowre:
Beware of pryde and cruelté,
Lose not thy fame for vanité!

Yf thow be set to do justice,
Regard vertu and poonysh vyce;
O! pres no man, I the advyce;
Abuse not thyne auctorytee
To vexe poore men for vanité!

Yf thow have landes and goodes grete store,
Consyder then thy charge is more,
Synce thow must make acownt therfore;
They are not thyne, but lent to the,
And yet they are but vanitee!

If thow be stronge or fayre of face,
Syknes or age doth both dysgrace;
Then be not prowd in ony case,
For how can ther more foly bee
Then to be prowde of vanité?

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But yf thow fortune to be poore,
So that thow go fro dore to dore,
Humbly geve thankes to God therfore,
And thynke in thine adversité,
This world &c.

But yf thow have mens sowles in cure,
Thy charge is grete I the ensure;
In woord and deed thow must be pure:
All vertu must abownd in the,
Thow must exchew all vanyté!

Then since ye do perseve right clere,
That all is vayne as doth apeere,
Lerne to bestow, while thow art heere,
Your wyt, your powre, your landes, your fees;
Lerne to bestow thes vanitees!

Now, fynallye, be not infect
Wyth worly cares, but have respecte
How God rewardth hys tru electe
With most perfyt felycytee,
Fre from all worldly vanité!
Now, mortall man, behold and see
Thys world is but a vanytee!

Fynis, quod Mr. Thorne.

[IN PRAISE OF A GOOD WELCOME.]

Ye be wellcum, ye be wellcum,
Ye be wellcum won by wone;

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Ye be hartely wellcum,
Ye be hartely wellcum everychone!

When freendes lyke freendes do frendlye showe
Unto ech other hye or low,
What cheere encrece of love doth growe,
What better cheere than they to knowe!
Thys is welcum!
To bread or drynke, to flesh or fyshe,
Yet wellcum is the best dysh!

In all our fare, in all our cheere
Of deintye metes, sowght far or nere,
Most fyne most costlye to apeere,
What for all thys, yf all thys geere
Lak thys welcum!
Thys cheere, lo! ys not wurth won ryshe,
For welcum is the best dyshe!

Where welcum is, thowgh fare be smalle,
Yet honest hartes be plese withall;
Where wellcum wanthe, thowghe grete fare fall,
No honest hart content it shall
Wythout wellcum;
For honest hartes do ever wyshe
To have wellcum to the best dyshe.

Sum with small fare be not plesde,
Sum with much fare be much dyssesde;
Sum with mene fare be scant apesed,
But of all sums none is dysplesed
To be wellcum!
Then all good chere to acomplyshe,
Wellcum must be the best dyshe.

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Yet sum to thys wyll say that they
Without wellcum with mete lyve maye,
And wyth welcum without meate, naye!
Wherfore mete seemth best dysh, thay saye,
And not wellcum!
But thys vayne sayng to banishe,
We wyll proove wellcum here best dyshe.

Thowgh in sum case, for mannes releafe,
Meate without wellcum may be cheafe;
Yet wher men cum, as here in preefe,
Much more for love then hoongeres greafe,
Here is wellcum.
Thorowghe all the chere to furnyshe,
Here is wellcum the best dyshe.

What is thys wellcum now to tell?
Ye are wellcum, ye are cum well,
As hart can wysh youre cummyng fell,
Your cummyng gladth my hart ech dell!
Thys is welcum!
Wherfore all dowtes to relynquishe,
Youre wellcum is your best dyshe.

Now as we have in woordes heere spent
Declard the fecte of wellcum ment,
So pray we you to take thentent
Of thys poore dyshe that wee present
To youre wellcum,
As hartely as hart can wysh;
Your wellcum ys here youre best dyshe!

Finis quod Jhon Haywood.

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[AGAINST SLANDER AND SLANDERERS.]

Gar call hym downe,
Gar kall hym downe,
  Gar kall hym downe, downe, ey.
God send the faccion
Of all detraccion,
  Kall downe and cast awaye!

Allmyghty God
Doth shake hys rod
  Of justys on all those,
That uniustlye
Detractivelye
  Detract ther frendes or foes.

He telth ech wone,
Thow shalt judge none,
  And yf thow judge unbydden,
Thyselfe, sayth he,
Shall judged be!
  Thys lesson is not hydden.

To thys now sturd,
Thys is concurde,
  Which wylth us in ech dowghte
To deme the best,
That may be gest,
  Tyll tyme the trothe trye out.

Knowyng by thys,
That thynke amys
  Agaynst no man we may;

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Much more must we
Ill language flee,
  And call hyt downe, downe, ey!
    Gar call hym downe!

With sword or skayne
To see babes slayne
  Abhorth to looke upon!
Attend to mee,
And ye shall see
  Murder and sklander one!

Lyke as a knyfe
Berevyth lyfe,
  So sklander fame hath slayne;
And both once doone,
Both alyke soone
  May be undoone agayne.

Then what more yll,
Wyth knyfe to kyll,
  Then wyth the toonge to styng?
Wyth knyfe or toonge,
Stryke old or yong,
  All in effect one thyng!

Thes woordes ar short,
But they importe
  Sentence at length to way;
Of all whych sens,
To fle th'ofence,
  To call them downe, downe, ey!
    Gar call hym!

When vyce is sowghte,
All vyce is nowghte,
  But sum vyce wurs then sum;

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And eche man sees
Soondry degrees,
  In ech vyce selfe doth cum.

Now synce the least
We showld detest
  Vyce or degré in vyce;
Yf in the most
We show our bost,
  That showth us most unwyce!

If I in the
Such fawtes once see,
  As no man els doth knowe,
To the alone,
And other none,
  Those fawtes I owght to showe.

Then of intent
Yf I invent
  Falce tales, and them dysplaye;
That is most vyle,
Whych to excyle
  God kalthe yt downe, downe, eye.

Sum cownt no charge
To talk at large
  Such yll as they doo here;
But Godes accownt
Doth not amownt
  To take such talkers cleere.

Of work ill wrowghte
When we here owghte,
  In tellyng foorth the same,

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Thowgh it be true,
The talke may brue
  Drynke of damnable blame!

To frame excuse
For toonges mysuse,
  We have no maner meane;
So that by this
No way ther is
  Yll tales to cary cleane:

Whych makth me call
Upon you all,
  As calyng call you may,
Tales falce or trew,
Meete to eschewe,
  To kall them downe, downe, ay.
    Gar call hym.

Sklander to feare,
Or to forbeare,
  Thys texte standth well in place.
Wo be the toong,
Whereby is sproong
  Sklander in any case.

Cryst cryth owt styll,
Say good for yll;
  But we say harme for harme;
Ye, yll for good
Yll toonges do brood,
  Wrath is in them so warme!

To sleke thys fyre
Of sklandrus yre
  Repentance must devyse

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To set all handes
To quench the brandes
Wyth water of our eies!

Whych brandes then blowe
To make them glowe,
As grace by grace may stay;
And by resort
Of good report,
Call sklander downe, I say!

Fynis, quod Jhon Heywood.

[AGAINST MALICE AND REVENGE.]

Man, yf thow mynd heven to obtayne,
Bere no males to no wyghte humayne!

Whoever thow hate is good or yll;
Yf he be good, hate showth the nowght;
Yf he be yll, and yll shalbe styll,
Wherby at end he hath so wrowght,
That to damnacion he bee browght,
Then charyté showth much more reson
To pitye hys payne, then malyngne hys parson!
Man, yf thow.

If he be nowght to whom thow art fooe,
And shall here after so amend,
That he be savid, and thow allso,
Then shall he love the tyme without end!
Then why showldes thow thys tyme pretend
In mallys towardes him to persever,
That shall hereaffter love the for ever.
Man, yf thow.

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By this thow mayst in reson see
To hate the good is wretchednes;
To hate the yll lakkyth charité;
To good or yll then bere no malles.
But love the good for ther goodnes,
And for the ill continuallye,
Pray for amendment lovyngly!
Man, yf thow.

Sum wyll perchans objecte to thys,
That good folke wyth good consciens may
Wysh harme to hym that harmfull is,
Wherby the harmles may allway
Unharmed be in quiet stay;
But of this roote the branches are
Far over long now to declare.
Man, yf thow.

But for breafe end, by myne assent,
All such as be of mene degree
Desyne or devise of ponishment,
Let us remyt to those that be
Joyned therto by auctorytee,
Whos wysdooms do by grace attend
To ponysh the yll, and the good defend.
Man, yf thow.

And wher we suppose ani man in hart
To bee any wurse then wee woold he were,
Let us, I say, set malles apart,
And loovynly fall we to prayer
For hys amendment in thys maner;
As by our owne fawte we see in deede
Our owne amendment of prayer hath neade!
Man, yf thow.

Fynis, quod Jhon Haywoode.

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[KEEP SURE A FAITHFUL HEART.]

Yt hath beene oft both sayde and soonge,
Take heede what wordes do pas the toonge;
But now say we to olde and yonge,
Take heede what thowghtes in harte ar sproonge,
For of all partes cownt every parte,
No parte comparth to a faythfull harte!

The toong is but an instrument
Onlye to show the hartes entent;
Except the hart doo fyrst consent,
What good or yll can toong invent?
Synce in the toonge lyth not that parte,
Be sure to keepe a faythfull hart.

For as the harte is good or yll,
So by the toong apeere yt wyll;
Yf the hart be good, tong good wyll styll;
Yf the hart be yll, toong sure wyll kyll;
Thus yf the hart rule toong ech parte,
Be sure to keepe a faythfull harte.

Yet sumtyme toonges full fayre can glyde,
When hartes full falce from toonges be wyde;
But what soever hartes do hyde,
By toonges at length it wylbe spyed:
Then is not toong the surest part.
Wherefore keepe sure a faythfull hart.

How oft see wee now in our dayes,
Toonges thowght most sure prove unsure stayes;
By wyne, or yre, or other wayes,
The clocest hart the toong bewrayes!

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Synce daylye playde we see thys parte,
Be sure to keepe a faythfull hart.

Then synce our toonges be nothyng sure,
Except our hartes all pure endure,
And that our hartes beeing all pure,
Our toonges can put none yll in ure;
Then be wee sure the surest parte
Ys to keepe sure a faythfull hart.

Whych faythfull hartes God grawnt to spryng
In us and all the harts lyvyng;
But specialy now let us syng
Fyrst unto God and next our kynge,
As we be bowne in thes owr partes,—
God grawnt us all good faythfull hartes!

Fynis quod Master Knyght.

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NOTES.

Page 1, line 9, Trycke.] Neat, elegant.

Page 2, line 12, Axe.] One of the many genuine Anglo-Saxon words now considered vulgarisms.

The kynge these thre demandes *axeth*.
To the knight this lawe he taxeth,
That he shall gone and come ageine
The thirde weke, and tell him pleine
To every point, what it amounteth,
And if so be that he miscounteth,
To make in his answere a faile,
There shall none other thyng availe,
The kynge saith, but he shall be deade,
And lese his goodes and his head.

Gower's Confessio Amantis, fol. 1554, f. 25.

For he hath waged me wel,
As Wisdom hym taughte,
And I forgyve hym that gilt
With a good wille,
So that the kyng assente,
I kan seye no bettre;
For Mede hath me amendes maad,
I may na moore *axe*.

Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 71.

Page 2, line 14, Leese.] To lose. (A.S.)

And as Daniel divined,
In dede it fel after;
The kyng *lees* [*lost*] his lordshipe,
And lower men it hadde.

Piers Ploughman, ed. Wright, p. 148.

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Page 3, line 22, Feately.] Elegantly. The term occurs in the Tempest and the Winter's Tale.

Page 7, line 3, Hafter.] A deceiver.

> For when he goeth to it, he is no *hafter;*
> He drinketh dronke for two dayes after.
>
> *Doctour Doubble Ale,* n. d.

Page 7, line 20, The bodye of me.] A common exclamation, expressive of astonishment.

Page 8, line 20, Fechys.] Cunning tricks.

> Mere *fetches;*
> The images of revolt and flying off.
> Fetch me a better answer.
>
> *King Lear,* act ii., sc. 4.

Page 8, line 33, Pash.] To break by striking. "I'll pash him over the face."—*Troilus and Cressida.*

Page 9, line 20, Doth thy stomak serve the to fyght now.] That is, have you any inclination to fight. The phrase is not unusual. "Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you."—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Page 13, line 15, A basse.] A kiss.

Page 15, line 19, The galyard.] A quick and lively dance, introduced into this country about the year 1541. It is alluded to in Twelfth Night.

Page 17, line 9, Calat.] A scold, or drab. "Callat of boundless tongue."—*Winter's Tale.*

> O good condycyon to her housbonde,
> Yf he call her *calat,* she calleth hym knave agayne,
> She shyll not dye in his dette.
>
> *Cocke Lorelles Bote,* Sig. B. i.

Page 18, line 2, Twydlyng.] Forley has, "*Twiddle,* to be busy and bestow seeming pains about the merest trifles. Ex.—What are you *twiddling* about there?"—*Vocabulary of East Anglia,* p. 360. This is undoubtedly the same word used by Redford.

Page 18, line 12, Perseve.] *Peseve,* MS.

Page 19, line 25, Rowte.] Snore.

Page 30, line 4, In such takynge.] Fright, or dilemma. "What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket."—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Page 31, line 14, Chyll.] I will. Provincial.

Page 31, line 26, Masterles.] Without a master. The term occurs in Cymbeline, act ii., sc. 4.

Page 34, line 3, To avawnce.] To advance; to raise.

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Page 35, line 22, Conjecte.] To think; to conjecture. The word occurs in an early edition of Othello, iii., 3, in place of *conceits* in the folio.

Se ye not dayly of all maner estate,
How in the lawe they travers and *conject*.
The Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous, n. d.

Page 36, line 18, Warrantyse.] Warrant, or surety. The term is used in Shakespeare's Henry VI., First Part.

Page 36, line 25, Cumme.] *Cumne*, MS.

Page 37, line 10, Trym.] Neatly. "He that shot so trim."—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Page 37, line 27, Quesye.] Squeamish, sick with nausea. Hence, metaphorically, troubled. Shakesperian commentators have not entered quite fully into the uses of this word, which occurs in Much Ado about Nothing, Antony and Cleopatra, and Lear. "So manie of hir Majesties privie councell as could in that *quesie* time be assembled."—Holinshed, *Chronicles of Ireland*, p. 136.

Page 38, line 8, Sparlyng.] The smelt was so called, but I do not remember to have seen the term used elsewhere as one of endearment.

Page 39, line 5, Gre.] Agree.—*Merchant of Venice*.

Page 40, line 16, Dysplesant.] Unpleasing. See *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, act i., sc. 1.

Page 41, line 23, Lowted.] This word occurs in 1 Henry VI., incorrectly explained by all editors. See my *Dictionary of Archaisms*, p. 531.

Page 45, line 11, Monyshyd.] Admonished.

Page 53, line 1, To wry.] To turn.—See *Cymbeline*.

Page 55, line 12, Hey nony nonye.] It is scarcely necessary to observe this is a burden in a song in Much Ado about Nothing.

Page 59, line 8, I bare the pryce.] Excelled, bore away the prize.

Sche seyde, y have welle sped,
That soche a lorde hath me wedd,
That *beryth the pryce* in prees.
MS. Cantab., Ff. ii. 38, f. 82.

Page 59, line 12, Provde.] *Prove*, MS.

Page 62, line 4, Grownd.] Burden.

Page 63, line 5, To-rent.] Tear in pieces. (A.S.)

Page 63, line 7, Peelde.] Pilled, bald. It seems to be used here as a term of contempt.

Page 64, line 6, Sumtyme.] This line appears to have been left unfinished.

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Page 64, line 12, By thes ten bones.] This, of course, alludes to the fingers of the speaker. "By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour."—2 *Henry VI.*

Page 64, line 29, Nest.] Company. "A nest of traitors."—*Winter's Tale*, act ii., sc. 3.

Page 65, line 8, The hunt ys up.] This was the name of the song or tune used for waking hunters in the morning. "Hunts-up to the day."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Page 65, line 21, Expulce.] To expel. Shakespeare uses the term in the First Part of Henry VI.

Page 68, line 18, Persever.] This fine old word, the accent, of course, on the second syllable, should never be lost sight of by our editors.

Page 70, line 11, Woode.] Mad.

Page 71, line 5, Drave me.] "A troubled mind drave me to walk."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Page 71, line 25, To-brast.] Burst in pieces.

Page 72, line 9, Which I.] An unnecessary alteration is made here in the original manuscript.

Page 74, line 7, Fair words make fools fain.] This poem was written by Edwards, and is printed in the "Paradise of Dayntie Devises." The variations between the copies are very trifling.

Page 75, line 1, Tickle.] Uncertain; inconstant. "Stands on a tickle point."—2 *Henry VI.*

Page 77, line 18, Bringe.] *Brange*, MS.

Page 78, line 5, Fautyng.] Committing faults.

Page 78, line 22, Remove them.] Originally, *must take in.*

Page 80, line 5, Lyther.] Wicked. (A. S.)

Page 80, line 19, Long have I.] There is another copy of this song in MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv., which is printed in Collier's Annals of the Stage, i., 70. It contains many variations from the version here printed.

Page 80, line 27, Rangyth.] *Reignethe*, Cotton. MS.

Page 81, line 2, Above all partes.] The next stanza in the Cottonian MS. fol. 141, is as follows,—

Of all our partes, if anye jarre,
Blame not the meane, beinge songe trewe;
The meane must make, it maye not marre;
Lackinge the meane, our mirthe adewe!
Thus showthe the meane not meanelie well,
Yet dothe the meane in this excell.

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It should be observed that in the Cottonian manuscript this song is attributed to Heywood, but the MS. here printed is, I suspect, a better authority on that point, and it is there ascribed to Redford.

Page 81, line 17, Sealde.] Seldom. The word is used by Shakespeare in Troilus and Cressida.

Page 86, line 25, All a grene wyllow.] This is perhaps the earliest song with the willow burden, a chorus immortalized by Shakespeare in Othello. The following copy of the later song is taken from MS. Addit. 15117, in the British Museum, written about the year 1633.

The poore soule sate sighinge by a sickamore tree,
Singe willo, willo, willo;
With his hand in his bosom, and his heade upon his knee,
O willo, willo, willo!
O, willo, willo, willo, willo, shalbe my gareland!
Singe all a greene willo,
Willo, willo, willo!
Aye me, the greene willo must be my gareland.

He sight in his singinge and made a greate moane. singe &c.
I am deade to all pleasure, my trewe love he is gone, &c.
The mute bird sate by hym was made tame by his moanes, &c.
The trewe teares fell from hym would have melted the stones. singe &c.

Com all you forsaken and mourne you with mee,
Who speakes of a false love, mynes falser then shee. singe &c.
Let love no more boast her in pallas nor bower;
It budds, but it blastethe ere it be a flowere. singe &c.

Thowe faire and more false, I dye wth thy wounde;
Thowe hast lost the truest lover that goes upon the ground! singe &c.
Let nobody chyde her, her scornes I approve;
Shee was borne to be false, and I to dye for love. singe &c.

Take this for my farewell and latest adewe;
Write this on my tombe, that in love I was trewe. singe &c.

Page 88, line 13, Behowlde.] The tune of Queen Dido was formerly a great favourite, and Mr. Collier considers this to be the original ballad.

Page 96, line 19, In good quarte.] In great joy.

Page 98, line 10, Name.] *Ame,* MS.

Page 99, line 3, Pyghte.] Prepared. Literally, placed, fixed. It

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occurs in King Lear, and Troilus and Cressida: "found him pight to do it."

Page 100, line 10, Acheve.] Originally written *achyve*.

Page 101, line 6, And.] Originally written *the*.

Page 102, line 14, Rejoyse.] *Rejose*, MS.

Page 104, line 13, Be merye, frendes.] A modernized copy of this ballad, printed about the year 1600, is printed in Collier's Roxburghe Ballads, p. 135.

Page 106, line 4, Make vertue of nessessytee.] This is a very old proverb, and is not obsolete.

> Are you content to be our general,
> To make a virtue of necessity,
> And live, as we do, in this wilderness.
>
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv., sc. 1.

Page 106, line 15, Be mery.] The five concluding stanzas of the modernized ballad take the place of the two last ones of that here printed; and I give them, were they merely to afford an example of Sly's phrase, "let the world slide," in Taming of the Shrew, induction.

> The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
> As sages in all times assert;
> The happy's man's without a shirt,
> And never comes to maim or hurt.
> Be merry, friends.
>
> All seasons are to him the Spring,
> In flowers bright and florishing,
> With birds upon the tree or wing,
> Who in their fashion alway sing
> Be merry, friends.
>
> If that thy doublet has a hole in,
> Why, it can keep the less thy soule in,
> Which rangeth foorth beyond controulling,
> Whilst thou hast nought to do but trolling,
> Be merry, friends.
>
> Be merry in God, St. Paule saith plaine:
> Be merry in God, I say again,
> And let not his advice be vain;
> Or, if thou wilt, thou cannot complain.
> Be merry, friends!

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Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I cant pay, why, I can owe;
And death makes equall the high and low.
Be merry, friends!

Page 107, line 2, All tyme.] A duplicate version of this line in the MS. reads *sorrowes*.

Page 111, line 6, But yf thow.] The arrangement of the stanzas in this poem in the MS. is somewhat obscure, and may be interpreted in two ways. Following one series of directions, the present stanza would be the fourth.

Page 111, line 13, Thow.] This word is not in the MS.

Page 111, line 16, Infect.] Infected, tainted. So in Troilus and Cressida,—

And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.

Page 112, line 5, Cheere.] Qu. *cleere?*

Page 112, line 10, Fare.] *Faree*, MS.

Page 112, line 29, Then all good, &c.] Originally thus,—

Wherfore all doubtes to relinquishe.

Page 114, line 2, Gar.] To cause, or make.

Page 115, line 5, Skayne.] A kind of scimitar.

Page 118, line 27, Him to persever.] His to persever, MS.

Page 121, line 6, Ure.] Use. It is occasionally used for luck or fortune.

And some men are so prone to steale, I thinke
It is as nat'rall as their meate and drinke;
They are borne to't, and cannot doe withall,
And must be filching still, whate'r befall,
A wispe of rushes, or a clod of land,
Or any wadde of hay that's next to hand,
They'l steale, and for it have a good excuse,
They doe't to keepe their hands in *ure* or use.
Taylor's Workes, fol. 1630, ii., 123.

THE END.

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